



University of Saskatchewan

STUDENT VERSES

2-A-1388
4-A-28



Broadsheet Number One



STUDENT VERSES

HOMESICK

The quail pipes low from the hazel brake,
And the black bass leaps in the mirrored lake,
As down the sunlit paths we take
Our berry pails. Come, Sam, and make
The years turn back, for rich with wine,
The wild fruit droops from bush and vine!
Come, Sam, and brim this pail of mine!

*Never again, while tall trees shake
Their shadowy arms in old Lec Lake!
Never again!*

The redwings wheel on the reedy shore.
The white clouds fly; and more and more
The lilies gleam, behind, before,
In the old canal to Lake Lenore,
Down its long, green lane. Come, brother, do,
And we will row to a nook or two
Where it's shallow for me but deep for you!

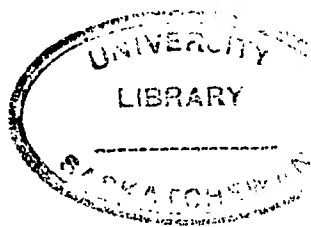
*Never again, for a ship called War
Has taken him, sailed with him, carried him far.
Never again!*

If I could but creep down the long, dark stair,
To where mother sits in her cushioned chair,
By the tranquil hush of the fireside there,
In the lamp's gold circle to say my prayer!
All the aches of the world would be cured for me,
Could I rest my head once more on her knee!
O mother, my own, when shall it be?

*Never again! They have closed the door;
The light is dimmed and the hearth is cold
Forever more! Forever more!*

—Mabel F. Timlin.

21 A. 1388
4-4-28



NIGHT-WINDS

Hush, hush! the gorgeous sun is fallen,
His haloes with him fled,
And in the wood the darkness settles,—
The night-winds all are dead!

Hush! for I hear no dry twig crackle,
Nor timid wood-mouse creep.
Upon the trees the leaves hang lifeless,—
The night-winds are asleep!

Hush! See there the silver ripple
That stirs the midnight lake,
And hear the going in the tree-tops,—
The night-winds are awake!

Awake! Awake! for gathers swiftly
A monstrous night-cloud form.
Now crashing branches,—hollow thunder,—
The night-winds are in storm!

—Percy H. Wright

NIGHT PICTURES

The glories of sunset,—
The westerly red,—
The cloud winged with silver,—
The gold-touch o'erhead.—

The blending of color,—
The paling of light,—
The cool of the evening,—
The dewdrops of night.—

The silence of darkness,—
The birth of the stars,—
The white ray of Venus,—
The red breath of Mars.—

A streak through the darkness,—
A meteor-leap,—
The dim constellations
That swing through the deep.—

The first blush of sunrise,—
The easterly red,—
The silver-winged cloudlet,—
The gold-touch o'erhead.—

With soft'ning of shadows
The night-span is gone,—
The sun in his splendor!
'Tis radiant Dawn!

—Percy H. Wright

BEAUTY

The horned moon hid in a golden veil,
In the lonely western sky;
And hung with mists, huge shapes of men
Went tramping, tramping by.

In the clammy wood the cold dew's dripped;
No stars shone overhead.
And the breast of the earth was damp and chill
As the breast of the newly dead!

And Time was not, and God was not,
And Death was no rest at all,



Till out of the heart of the dripping dews,
I heard one clear bird-call.

I heard one sweet bird murmuring
The dew-wet trees among,
And the drowsy note from the clear bird throat
Was the sweetest ever sung!

For the young moon hung in a veil of gold,
In the misty western sky,
And my heart sang low with the marching steps
Of my brothers passing by!

—*Mabel F. Timlin.*

GIFTS

God gave us eyes with which to see.
The glorious world, and beauties that there be.

God gave us ears with which to hear
The sweet and varied music of the year.

God gave us lips with which to kiss
The delicacy of each other's bliss.

God gave us friends that we might give
Ourselves to others, and thereby really live.

—*John MacKay.*

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING

“*Sunset*”—

The word is golden, wrapped in wisps of cloud,
Each tinged with winged colors, edged with light.
And changing with the changing moment, like a dream
At night.

“*Twilight*”—

The word is mystic,—is like a nun’s head bowed
Before the Silent One in silent prayer.
Beneath whose hood, red lips that smile, and eyes that
beam,
Are there.

“*Midnight*”—

The gloomy word, which like a witch’s shroud,
Falls soft o’er all, flow’r, and bird, and thought,
Until that life which breathes by day, then it seems
Is not.

“*Dawn*”—

The word which echoes of that triumph loud
With which the eager cock awakes the morn,
Announcing life renewed; and every soul, I deem,
Reborn.

—Percy H. Wright

EXPECTATIONS

What for the horse at the end of the day?
Oh, just oats and a feed of hay.

What for the dog at the end of the race?
Oh, just a smile on a friendly face.
What for the ox, the mule and the ass?
Drink from the brook, and the pasture grass.

What for the man when his work is done?
Just the regard which he has won.

—*John MacKay*

SILVER FROST

All day the mist hung heavy overhead,
And veiled the upper blue.
The distant sun, his light but dimly shed,
Could barely glimmer through.
The day seemed dull, and not a note of song
Was heard upon the air.
It seemed as though something in heav'n were wrong,—
There was no music there.

Next morning when I looked across the mead,
A marvel met my eyes.
There hung upon the firs, like silver seed,
Hoar flakes of wondrous size.
O blessed Winter, with yon silver spray,
How gorgeous is the sight!
'Tis you that makes my heart exult to-day
In rapturous delight.

—*D. Mervyn Milne*

AUGUST

August calls, calls not in vain,
For earth, refreshed after rain,
Feels a joy, as keen as pain,—
 August, thou the brightest gem
 Of summer's golden diadem.

As a sea, the uncut wheat
Swings and sways with rhythmic beat,
Mellow in the summer heat,—
 August, thou the brightest gem
 Of summer's golden diadem.

Golden rock is all ablaze;
Asters star the winding ways,
Dreaming in the August haze.—
 August, thou the brightest gem
 Of summer's golden diadem.

Stooks stretch on for mile on mile;
Crickets cheerily chirp the while,
With gay response to summer's smile,—
 August, thou the brightest gem
 Of summer's golden diadem.

Petals pale from one late rose,—
Queen of flowers the summer knows,
Tells how soon the summer goes,—
 August, thou the brightest gem
 Of summer's golden diadem.

—*Clara Hill*



AUTUMN LEAVES

Leaves half-green besmeared with red,
Leaves of gold;
Leaves rough-torn, bid seek their bed,—
Frayed and old.—
All the world seems falling leaves,
Drifting 'midst the whitened sheaves.
Where the field its carpet weaves.
With leaves of gold.

From dark limbs fast growing bare,
Leaves of gold,
Fluttering earthward through the air.
Join the mould.
Mother Nature ordereth.—
Down they come with every breath.
Leaves of autumn, leaves of death.
Leaves of gold!

—Percy H. Wright

LOVE SONG

When the stars so merry blink.
Studding all the skies,
Then it is I love to think
Of my own "Bright Eyes."
Let me bring my mind to drink
At their fountain pure;
See thy soul rise to the brink,
Feel their mystic lure.

When the night in milk-white glows,
And the moon rides high,
Then it is my spirit knows
Love can never die.
Like the milky way, which flows
While the heavens turn,
Love its ray forever throws,
And must always burn.

When the pool is mirrored o'er
Where the ripple dies,
When twinkle in that limpid floor
Gems like angel eyes,
Turn I then where love-lights store,
Where the sparkle gleams,
Then relearn love's sacred lore,
Dream again my dreams.

Now the span of night is done,
Now the morn-light breaks;
As abroad the rose-hues run
Thus my thought awakes:
"Hardly has our life begun.
Years before us spread;
Joys shall light like streaming sun
On thy golden head."

Percy H. Wright

BLISS CARMAN

Beauty's footmarks he can trace
Printed on the commonplace;
Melodies than cannot die
He creates from things that lie
All unheeded at our feet,
Wayside flowers, fresh and sweet.



The messages of Nature's book
Are "open sesame" to his look.
Which scans the broad and ample page.
Source of light to hard and sage;
Liquid words of living fire
Are Inspiration to his lyre.

Breathed through all the forms that be
Is hidden Beauty few can see;
Behind that Beauty is a plan
Motivated not by man.
He deems his mission is to find
A link with the Eternal Mind.

—*Clara Hill*

ANTONY'S LAST WORDS TO CLEOPATRA

I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Dying in the prime of life.
In dishonor, shamed and broken,
I leave this world of love and strife.

Thou hast moulded me, O Egypt!
Fingers cruel, fingers kind.
Loving words and cries distracted,
Soothing voice as summer wind.

'Neath thy throne I sat bewitchéd,
Listened with thee to the strains
Of limpid music in the distance
Where moody Pan piped sweet refrains.

Fickle gypsy, stately princess,
Luring serpent of old Nile!
Thou hast caught me, bound me, loved me,—
Ruined my name and fame the while.

I am prey to thee, the Orient;
Shall my country with me fall?
I am branded traitor, coward,
I have lost life,—honor,—all!
—*Grace Elgin Taylor*

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Have you ever been a-going
Through the snow on winter nights?
Have you ever thought to linger,
Watching playful Northern Lights?

I have seen these lights a-glowing
In the depths of winter skies.
And the colors ever moving
Were so lovely in my eyes.

I would watch their fairy revels.—
Those fantastic dancing waves;
I would think them living shadows
Of departed Indian braves.

I would then be dreaming stories
On my pillow many nights—
Have *you* ever been a-going,—
Watching streaming Northern Lights?
—*J. J. Danylchuk*



SNOW STARS

Last night the flaky snow
Fell, soft and silent, from the clouded sky:
On mead and fallow see it deeply lie.—

The snow!

But now the sun,—the slow
December sun, in his mist-clouded dawn,
Creates a thousand million sparkles on

The snow.

I move, and myriads go
And come,—appear and disappear, in form
Starlike,—stars that came down in the storm

As snow.

—*Percy H. Wright*

MUMPS

I'm in the isolation ward.
And must stay right in bed.
My gills are swollen horribly,
They've bandaged up my head.
I find it hard to chew my cud.
Indeed, I almost holler;
My jaws begin to pain and ache
Each time I try to "swallow."

The boys come round to look at me,
And by the window stand.
They say, "Oh boy, you're looking swell."
And think the joke is grand.
"I know just what the feeling is,"
One of the boys will say.
"I had the mumps myself last month,
And felt that very way."

They all repeat, "Cheer up, old top.
We too have played that game.
For once we had the mumps ourselves,
It takes us all the same."
And so they keep describing
Just how much "jaw" they had,
And say, "The swelling soon will go.
And then 'twon't feel so bad."

Oh, how I wish that I had taken
Some new unknown disease.
A kind that no one had before,
For then they could not tease;
I'd yell and groan in agony.
And they would realize
That it was most unusual.
And have to sympathise.

How very different when they'd come
To ask me how I feel!
Oh, then I'd have my innings
And give a gory spiel.
I'd tell them how this dread disease
Near tore my joints apart.
And how the bugs had just begun
To eat into my heart.



And then I'd make it clear to them
My blood was turning yellow,
And that the bones in all my toes
Were now becoming mellow.
I'd show them how my fingernails
Were slowly dropping off,
And how my very blood turned sour
Each time I'd start to cough.

I'd make them sit and listen
And know it was no sham.
I'd say, "My teeth are loose and will
Be out before I am."
And when I told them how my flesh
Was forming into lumps,
They could not say, "Cheer up, old boy,
It's nothing but the mumps."

—*D. Mervyn Milne*

A CHAT WITH A TWINKLING STAR

If I could find a ladder tall
Enough to reach the sky,
I'd climb way up and catch a star
As it went slipping by.

I'd ask the pretty thing its name
And where it plans to go,
And who its nearest neighbor is
And why it twinkles so.

I'd ask it if it ever saw
A tiny faery sprite,
A-down a sparkling moonbeam slide
Upon a frosty night.

I'd ask it if it ever fell
And what it tumbled on ;
And how it ever climbed back home
When all its tears were gone.

I'd ask on what it supped and dined,
When from the milky way
In quest of some adventure bright
It e'er should chance to stray.

I'd ask it if 'twould tell to me
The love-tales of the stars,
"Oh, has Orion a sweetheart true?
Who's fallen in love with Mars?"

"The man-in-the-moon a dear old dad,
Or just a bachelor queer?
The evening star his daughter fair,
Or ward?—she keeps so near."

I'd ask it why it always hides
When sunbeams dance about ;
And if 'tis very much afraid
When the silv'ry moon goes out.



And, angels guarding it from harm,
What breeze lulls it to rest.
If baby stars are very wee,—
“Where is that starry nest?”

What more I'd ask I cannot tell,
Unless, what are its years.
And then, if it has ever heard
The music of the spheres.

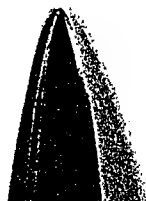
—Grace Elgin Taylor

EDITOR'S NOTE

This broadsheet is put forth as an experiment. Should it be as well received by the public as it deserves, it will be followed by others of a like nature, or of a more ambitious kind, at an equally reasonable price. The contributors and the editor are of the opinion that in Western Canada there should be a place for original poetry, and they confidently look to the public to support them in that belief. — J.M.L.

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STUDENT
VERSES



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Broadsheet Number Two





STUDENT VERSES

THE SINNER

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4-4-28

I am young : but twenty years
Ago my mother bore me :
I was a happy child, but now
I know the aching sorrow of repentance.
I am weak and sin prevails
Upon me, and I yield. For days
The Devil holds me. Then
The sickening consciousness of having sinned
Against my better self sweeps o'er me,
Till I wish I were not.
Thus through the night I bear
A self-imposed load. The Dawn must come,
And then the thrilling joy
Of life flows thro' my soul :
I lift my head to Heaven
And sing for joy that I am here.

Such is my life : the certain cycle
Of my Day and Night rolls on ;
Until a Friend I meet,
Who, pitying my unsteady course, will hold me
To the better way, and pilot me,
Until my Sun shall set to rise once more,
Forever with my God.

—Anonymous



THE SUN ON THE SEA

Millions of diamonds are glittering before me,
In the flickering light of the foam-flecked sea;
Born and dispersed on the crests of the breakers,
That rising and falling, seem bowing to me.

—H. W. Wickenden

BE YOURSELF

If you are wondering what to be,
Be yourself.

If all the world should disagree,
Be yourself.

If as plodding mile by mile
Life seems slow and not worth while,
Just dig in and work and smile,
And be yourself.

You can conquer if you will—
Be yourself.

Others must their own place fill;
You be yourself.

You have virtue up in store;
You have talents by the score;
Just unfold them more and more—
Through yourself.

If you're scorned for some offence,
Be yourself.

Though your rage should be intense,
Be yourself.

If you fall get up and grin:
Never think of giving in;
Just keep trying till you win,
And be yourself.

Out with sham and show and shine,
Worthless pelf!
Now to love the Genuine
In oneself.
I have taxed my mind to see
Why some try to others be,
For the truest one is he
Who is himself.

—*H. Gerrie*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

I close the volume, and regret
That such a great soul strove, and yet
Could find no calm, no lasting peace;
His eye oft caught a vision clear,
But when his vessel hastens near
The beauty and the deep joy cease.

This voyager his frail bark sped
Past islands green, and tenanted
By citizens of no mean race;
But still he sought and no man gave
That which his yearning mind might crave,
A subtle something—neither art nor grace.

Did he, then, seek and strive in vain,
With singing words, in moving strain
To measure mind, the spirit's span?
Did he not glimpse a light afar,
And follow it—his guiding star,
To learn the destiny of man?



He found his comfort and his bliss
In Nature's moods and waywardness;
Her quiet waters lulled his pain;
And all her flowers breathed incense
To calm his heart, and still the sense
Of nothing gained, though hope remain.

He saw life as a mirage haze
That meets the traveller's aching gaze,
And he must follow still the light;
His watchword ever "persevere",
Although the goal be never clear.
Through toilsome seas—till came the night.

—Clara E. Hill

WIND WORDS

There's a sob in the sound of the wind this eve,
As it sways the dry weeds, it seems to grieve
For the summer days that come no more.
The golden days pass swift and sure.

*Well may the wind, in passing, sigh
For the summer days pass swiftly by.*

There's a ghostly gleam in the setting sun
As it speaks the autumn day nigh run,
For the earth must take its wonted way,
And seasons wane with waning day;

*Well may the wind, in passing, sigh
For the summer days pass swiftly by.*

And the sob of the wind round a grave makes moan,
And I stand in the autumn's glow,—alone,
For those happy days will come no more,
The golden days passed swift and sure.

*Well may the wind, in passing, sigh
For the summer days pass swiftly by.*

—Clara E. Hill

From Catullus

CATULLUS AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

Through many a nation, o'er many a wave
For these sad rites I'm come, my brother;
To speak, tho' vainly, to thy grave,
Words that they who've loved each other,
As tribute bring to loved ones' tombs.
Since unjust fate has seized her prey,
And thee and me to sorrow dooms,
Wet with tears, these gifts I bring,
And on this mound am come to lay
Our race's ancient offering.
Brother! accept this last tribute,
Receive from me this last salute,
Hail forever and Farewell!

—P. Lawrence



From Catullus
A WOMAN'S VOWS

I'll be married to none but thee, she said,
Not e'en to Jove would I be wed.
But when of love and plighted troth,
A woman speaks or gives her oath,
She speaks as to the fitful wind.
In running water writes her mind.

—*P. Lawrence*

EVENING

When Beauty and the Evening came
The city seemed to lie
A painted silhouette
Under a burning sky.

The silence and the sombre light
The deepening of the hours,
Woke sympathies that seemed
Like scent of fading flowers.

And from the glories of the west
Spirit of Nature stole,
Some mystic music freed
The yearnings of the soul.

All fanned by Beauty's scented breath
Blushed Eve in Night's caress:
Sweet scent of glorious life
Perfumed the loneliness.

—*C. C. Richardson*

A LAKE SUNSET

With stilly hush, ere parted day,
Glory o'er spread the lake that lay
 Wreathed in the evening silence.

Like dreams at dawn, the floating leaves
Rustled amid the lake-side trees;
 Fell in a silent wonder.

Beyond the mountains to the west
Sun sank, but on their purple crest
 Kissed them and made them lovely.

He stooped, and ever flushed with pride
Drew his gold mantle from the tide,
 Spangled with starry beauty.

And as his ruby lips bent low—
Crimsoned the fiery sky aglow—
 Deep blushed the burning waters.

Then night around the loving hills
Wound its sweet arms, and distant rills
 Lapped in eternal slumber.

—C. C. Richardson

1914

Radley was house-master of a "Public School" in England. The Great War had just broken out.

From "Tell England" (by Earnest Raymard)—

"Radley was staring out of the window over the deserted cricket fields, perhaps enquiring of them, 'Have I allowed myself to grow too fond?' "

The summer glory bathed the fields,
And to and fro the breeze had swung
The half-oped casement as it hung
 Sad as the dreamer.



The air breathed sorrow—lonely sorrow
Awaked a silent sympathy.
And memories, that had ceased to be,
Crowded the fonder.

The cherished years of Youth, he dreamed,
Had bloomed as rich as summer's rose—
Had loved as deep: but now 'mid foes
Fell the sweet petals.

And life and love and all desire—
The years when these should come to be—
Lay cherished as the blooms you see
After the storm winds.

—C. C. Richardson

THE FALL OF ROME

Grandeur turned fickle greatness and the wreck
Of immemorial pomp has followed Rome.
As some great sunset when the burning sky—
The passionate flames, the frenzy of desire—
Is wreathed in majesty, Rome, drunk with blood
And pride-elated with the spoils of war—
(Till pity, honor, envy-choked and mocked
And sunk in bestial revels, and the sweat
Of toiling nations in equator suns,
Make tears enough to rouse the wrath of Jove)—
Sinks to her doom. Then twilight's cold regret
All tear-bedewed, draws on the unhurrying night.
Creeps on that doom which, slow engulfing all,
Sweeps all in deep-forgotten, save the dream
Of long-lost glory in the silent night,
And only leaves the star-bespangled gloom
And Cynthia's kindly sorrow.

—C. C. Richardson

THE DANCE OF THE SNOWFLAKE

A snowflake was borne by a whistling wind,
Over the streamlet, crystal spanned,
Into the forest of spruce and fir,
Among the laden branches fanned.

Whirling and circling, skipping and darting
On she sped in her gypsy way,
Touching the tree-tops, soaring high—
Never a moment for her to stay.

To and fro in this magic dance,
A magic dance of life and glee,
Myriads more from the white, white sky,
Danced in the rhythm of wind-blown tree.

Till at even the wild wind came to rest
And the snowflake's dance was gentle then,
And softly she rested and seemed to sleep—
To sleep till the breezes should whirl her again.

—Grace Elgin Taylor

LAUDEMUS

Many a song the bard has sung,
Many a song of life and love,
Of bursting bud or wakening moth,
Of tinted flower or homing dove.

Mountains pastelled against the sky,
Clouds of white and rose and blue,
Pine trees swaying in silhouette
And evening breezes whistling through.



And I would sing of diamond snows,
Sparkling 'neath the wintry sun,
Snows that are blue when sunset fades
When night and the silver moon have come.

Bending reeds and swans of white,
Rippling waters, purple haze,
So many songs on the works of God,
Yet so many more to be sung in praise.

—Grace Elgin Taylor

MOON DAWN

The sun, a gleaming ball of fire, has dropt
Into the bosom of the glowing lake.
And myriad gleaming ripples seem to wake,
While, in the hush, the very birds have stopped.
The heavy air is laden with the scent,
Of flowers, and all the breeze with bated breath
Seems hushed, as in the presence of pale Death.
And Nature sleeps in sweet and still content.

But lo!—far to the eastward leaps the moon
Above the circling fortress of the trees.
And slow the blue light steals upon the earth,
Cool, fresh, not harsh as is the light of noon,
But soft and gently falling, breathing peace,
Into a world that waits the young Night's birth.

—Alice Woodhead

RAIN THOUGHTS

Gray skies, and falling rain in silver sheets,
Dim the far distant hills which touch the sky,
With their mist-hidden heads; and shadows lie
Across the lake, where earth with heaven meets.
The violet's modest head is bowed with woe,
In her blue eyes the pearly tear-drops stand,
While up and down through all the pasture land,
The sparkling rivulets a'dancing go.

And here beside my window in the gloom,
I dream sweet dreams of you, which bring the sun
Back to the world, and still the pain that lies
In my lone heart, and now the quiet room
Is bright, for to the threshold you have come,
And sunshine has come in with your dear eyes.

—*Alice Woodhead*

THE SEA

Hark, the northern sea
Pounding in the night,
Voice of majesty,
Fearful in its might!

Waves crash angrily,
Long waves, crowned with white,
Drawing from the sea,
Pounding in the night.

Salt wind, wild and free,
Heaven void of light,
Spray on dune and tree,
Spray on rocky height,
Heavy, heavy sea,
Pounding in the night.

—*Percy H. Wright*



RAPTURE—A RONDEL

I love my love,
My love loves me!
My heart leaps up
In ecstacy!

The sky is blue,
The clouds flow free,
I love my love,
For she loves me.

The sun shines clear
O'er all the lea;
The April brook
Sings merrily;
Oh, how I love
Her, who loves me!

—Percy H. Wright

RED DAWN

Dim, silent stars, with faded light
Soon gone—
Then darkness paling, and the night
Grown wan—
Faint, faint over the forest grey,
The promise of the new-born day,
Hail, Dawn, with hope-kist ray,
Red Dawn!

For long the moon in ghostly white
Full shone,
But now before the sunburst bright
'Tis gone.

Into the East warm colors stray,
Behold them through the poplar spray!
Hail, Dawn, thou bud of day,
Red Dawn!

—Percy H. Wright

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Over the vast and silent plains, the Night
Grows sharp and chill; the crusted earth, like rock
Resounds beneath the feet, and overhead
The stars, like hoar-frost crystals thickly strewn,
Blink colaly. The keen air itself is quick
With change at hand, the nighness of a Spirit
Who spreads his icy wings abroad, and breathes
White breath o'er all.

Far to the North appears
A luminous arch that bridges East and West,
Which like the van of some invading host
Leads slowly on, and followed stealthily
By rank and rank, invests the hollow deep.
Needles of light, which whisper as they form,
With points intense of purple, red, and gold,
Strike into space between the changeless stars,
And flow, halt, flow, along the paths of mist.

The light still widens, reaching ever south,
Until the sky is filled. Then all at once
The heav'n, as though high struck by unseen winds,
Bursts into sheets of flame. Pulses of light,
Like broadening waves which gleam in some black pool,
Beat upward to the zenith of the world,
And make the sky a thing alive. Anon
The spasm ceases; all the light mass fades,
And faded, drifts away towards the south,
Leaving the northward spaces darkly clear,
And dead, and cold.



THE THUNDER SHOWER

The storm approaches; birds, afraid,
Fly hither, thither, seeking shade.
The cattle, panic stricken, eye
The pall of darkness in the sky.

The cloud moves quickly overhead,
Here all is still—for all is dead.
But hark, the distant forest shakes!
In one great blast the pent storm breaks.

The cloud still blackens—darkness drops—
The rain begins—the wild wind stops—
Lightnings crack like the crack of doom,
And thunders roar amidst the gloom.

'Tis over; now the sky is clear—
And sweetly fresh the summer air.

Percy H. Wright

VANISHING DREAMS

I loved a maiden fair and shy—
Too shy to stay when I was by,
Too young for love—but so was I—
 And sweet and pure.
Return, grim Time, so swift to fly,
O Bliss destroyer, swift to fly,
 And slow to cure!

I asked a woman yesterweek—
One good of heart and grey of cheek,
With kindly eyes and fair to speak,
Of earnest mind—
To wed with me. 'Twere far to seek
To find a truer—far to seek
And far to find.

But oh, my dream of yesteryear,
My far-off dream, so bright, so dear!
Is any love like child-love clear,
With half its truth?
God grant it e'er to reappear,
As Maytime blossoms reappear.
Oh, God bless Youth.

—Percy H. Wright

EDITOR'S NOTE

The "lone poet" is largely a myth. Most of the great verse of the world was created by men who had the stimulating companionship of fellow-poets, and who were certain of "fit audience, though few." The Writers' Club of the University was formed with the idea of providing this stimulating and critical companionship, and these Broadsheets, issued under its auspices, constitute the appeal of the Club for the co-operation of the public. Great literature is possible only in a society which is prepared for it, that is, a society in which many are writing and most are listening, and in which literature is accepted as a living, normal thing. The contributors to these Broadsheets are under no illusions as to the "greatness" of their efforts. All that they desire to do is, by the assiduous practice of their art and by continuous appeal to the public, to prepare the way for the ready acceptance of "real literature"—when that comes.



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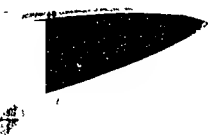
University of Saskatchewan

STUDENT
VERSES

1929



Broadsheet Number Three



STUDENT VERSES

JUST A LITTLE GNOME

If I were a gnome in a garden,
I'd live in a Columbine,
Among the poppy stems I'd play,
And on a pansy dine.

From my flower home in the air so high
I could see the garden wall,
The creepers on the trellis,
And hollyhocks so tall.

With the brown wren's evening vespers
On a pretty leaf I'd sway,
Or walk in the soft green grasses
While dew-drops light the way.

A little twig on the garden pond
Would be my sailing boat,
And in the toying breezes
O'er the rippling waves I'd float.

If I were a giant, great and strong,
With a forest for a home,
I'd want to be in a garden
And just a little gnome.

—Grace Elgin Taylor



WIND IN THE LEAVES

Wind in the leaves, your whispers
And songs are strange to me
I scarce can hear, dear wind,
Your tales of rock and sea.

Do you tell the nested robins
Of the clouds that are your home,
Of the fairy lake and forest,
That you visit as you roam?

Do you sing of castle old
And knight who loves a maid,
Of trysts by tumbling fountain
While sunset colors fade?

Some of your songs are merry,
And some are soft and low—
They must be charming secrets,
Or chantings as you go.

Ofttimes I hear you weeping,
Dear Wind, have you lost your way?
Is one of the little breezes gone,
That your heart's so sad today?

—Grace Elgin Taylor

SPRING SONG

(Trans. of Heine's "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt.")

Gently o'er my spirit break
Sounds of clear bells pealing;
Ring, sweet chime, o'er wood and lake,
Thro' the pale dawn stealing.

O ring out to that dear house
Violets are adorning;
If you see a rosebud out
Give her my "Good Morning!"

W. L. Austin

WINTER NOON

The air is hazy and still,
The sky pale blue;
The sun's soft gossamers,
Of white silence spun,
Hold tree and house and frosty laws of snow
Under the drowsy spell of winter noon.

The trees beside the path
On every twig
Bear frosted broideries
Glist'ning in crystal mist
Of diamond light; and vista'd thus afar
Low, shimmering hills of sunlit snow.

W. L. Austin

ROMANY SONG

Have you ever gone a-singing through the wooded
country vale?
Have you ever gone a-singing down the endless gipsy
trail,
When the autumn's fiery fingers burn the lovely lacy
trees,
And the sigh of passing summer is a-tremble on the
breeze?

Have you ever gone a-flying down the turfy ocean sand?
Have you ever gone a-catching foaming waters in
your hand,
When the salty tang comes drifting from the roaring,
splashing tide,
And the sea-gulls ride the breakers on the frothy
leeward side?

Have you ever gone a-wondering where the endless
joys are born?
Have you ever gone a-dreaming in the cool gray
morn,
Till the stillness all around you grips your heart with
lonely fear,
And your erring thoughts fly homeward like the birds
when evening's near.

Berta M. Francis

TRANSCIENCE

The mist lies on the river,
The white moon hangs on high,
And in my heart's an echo:
"How soon one comes to die!"

The silver-fingered cloud-wraith
Enfolds the moon from sight;
The blue-back sky above me
Is laughing in the night.

And dead trees rise around me,
There's dead grass 'neath my feet;
The white mist on the water
Makes life seem wondrous sweet.

For ages long before me,
The white moon hung on high,
The white mist veiled the water,
The night wind breathed its sigh.

In ages long to follow
The white moon hangs on high,
The mist lies on the river—
How soon one comes to die!


—Clara E. Hill

RAIN THOUGHTS

The rain is plashing, plashing,
Upon my window-pane,
And the restless wind is wailing,
And grieving in the rain;
And my lonely heart is yearning,
And calling, all in vain,
For an absent one's returning
Who ne'er returns again.

Tho' golden days will follow
And gild my window-pane,
And the wind will lull its wailing,
And cease the murm'ring rain;
Yet still my heart is weary,
T'is calling, all in vain
For an absent one who comes not,
Nor e'er can come again.

—Clara E. Hill



DAWN

All around is dark,
A star pales in the east,
The sky is lit with faint and spectral light,
Which deepens and a bow
Of gold leaps up . . .
Herald of Day.
A bird sings in a thicket
An anthem to the morn,
More gold and red appear,
The sun himself arises,
'Tis the dawn.

—*H. W. Lamberton*

KATHLEEN PARLOW

Stately she moves, a regal, lovely woman,
One whom to see is to admire and love,
Whom heav'n hath richly dowered from above
With genius and great power scarcely
human,
Yet not aloof. How could she rouse the heart
To sympathetic passion, ev'n to tears,
By sounds that fall upon enraptured ears,
Were she not one of us through that high art
Of music. Friendly she is. A smile I've seen,
Heard voice that with a kindly interest
spoke
Of those whose worth she never can know well,
Save that they love the sounds that softly
dwell
Upon the air, and feel a pleasure keen,
Stirred by rare thoughts she only can evoke.

Marguerite E. Buck.

A REGRET

O land in melancholy beauty dress'd,
'Tis now sad winter of the dying year,
When snow lies deep upon a land at rest,
And leafless trees moan soft in chorus drear.
Now little winter birds make plaintive song,
And in the north faint, mystic markings gleam,
While from his home on high the Bear looks long
On rigid lake and bay and ice-bound stream.

Such loveliness is pain within my heart,
For wishful though I be of praising thee,
I lack the deft sure touch of poet's art
That would in fitting words relate the tale
Of this Dominion, which from sea to sea
Stretches forever, though man's power fail.
—*Marguerite E. Buck*

THE RHODES SCHOLAR, 1929

When Edward Alexander came
To U of S to make a name,
He soon decided 'twould be wise
In Languages to specialise.
The Profs. all waited in suspense
To see what subjects Mr. Bence
Considered worthy of his choice:
Thus Alexander's firm young voice:
"Since I possess a legal mind,
To study Latin I'm inclined,
Some day I'll sit upon the Bench—
The best of judges all speak French."
He spoke—and disappointed Profs.
Concealed their anguish in their coughs;
Whilst others danced in Celtish glee,
And blew their bagpipes merrily.



So Edward Alexander Bence
Grew wise in Latin eloquence,
And occupied his leisure time,
Translating French in prose and rhyme.
In virtue of his erudition,
He gained official recognition,
The Profs. were lavish in their praise,
And backed it up with many A's.
(Only once he got a B,
And that was in Philosophy
At Xmas; mark my words, in May
You'll find that B has changed to A.)
Bence goes to Oxford with the Rhodes,
And if his past at all forbodes
His future, we'll not hesitate
High Honours to prognosticate.

—H. W. W.

D. G. ROSETTI—'HAND & SOUL.'

This poem is a parable,
And if I read the parable aright,
I find this message writ therein:

'Know thyself, and give unspoiled
That knowledge to the world.
Let not the giving of it be a means
Subservient to an end—
Ambition, or the service
Of some man-made deity—
But be content
To mirror to Mankind
The naked beauty of thy soul.'

This is the perfect unimpeded art,
The child begotten of the intimate
And undefiled communion
Of Hand and Soul.

H. W. W.

WINTER FLOWERS


Fleecy winter flowers
Blossom, ever growing,
Nodding in the evening,
'Gainst the sunset glowing.

Rising from the chimneys,
Smoke-flowers, white and fair,
With a silent grandeur
Deck the evening air. *Grace L. Broad*

A SPRING MESSAGE

An April day, sweet as a baby's kiss,
Warm, moist, and lingering.
A fairy hour
Midway 'twixt day and night.
A lark's last note breaking the evening stillness
Like a bell.
The far-off murmur of a flooding brook,
Mingling with children's voices.
Pastel tints of sunset,
Slowly fading into grey.
A day's work done,
And satisfaction, resting weary limbs.
I ponder—
Are you surprised
That I should say I know that I love life,
And that I thank my God
I live?

Grace L. Broad



FRIENDSHIP

Never, never Love shall die,
Voices of the Memory
Whisper that he ever lives
Weaving chains of sympathies—
Fragrance that shall never fade—
Little flowers that Friendship made.

—C. C. Richardson

SUNSET

The castle windows are golden in the west,
And I see the kings ride by,
The chiefs are returning to a long-earned rest,
In the blazon of the sunset sky.
Scarlet and purple are the robes they wear,
And the glitter of the crowns and the arms they bear
Is flashing through the swaying trees.
The neighing of the steeds and the tinkle of the bells,
The jingle of the harness, like a music swells
As it's borne on the laden breeze.

In the dying distance where the glory falls
They ride on a fiery road,
Till grim and defiant stand the castle walls
As they cross o'er a meat of blood.
Wide flung the gates of the faery hall,
And the last lone blast of the trumpet call,
As it dies in the silent night,
Sounds with the clang of the gates of gold,
And the glory of the banners do the watchmen fold,
In the last faint rays of the light.

—C. C. Richardson

CONTENT

When man outworn seeks that content,
 The Golden Ages knew,
The visions that the Gods have sent
 Break forth in dawns anew;
And o'er the crimson of the morn
Unfolds the dream of Greece new-born.

Behold the blushing morn arise—
 Aurora fair and free,
Bequeathing to the sunset skies,
 In vales of Arcady,
The beauty, lit with fire and praise,
Of Athens in her glorious days.

Amid the quiet Dorian bowers
 Content the virgin goes,
Plucking from Nature's breast the flowers—
 The cypress and the rose;
And now she takes the garland prize
To be the morning sacrifice.

Without a care the shepherd lives,
 With flocks and hours of leisure,
And Pan with sylvan music gives
 His longed-for fill of pleasure;
For our sick hurry and disease
He has the eternal hills and trees.

He whispers but one simple prayer
 Within the silent wood,
And feels the pulse of God is there,
 And knows that God is good;
And vague distrust and doubts and fears
Have not assailed his youthful years.



There Ephesus a beauteous fane
 Raises to Artemis,
And Pheidias moulding Zeus again
 Sculptures the soul of Greece,
And Homer dreams his tales of Troy—
These can no nation's rage destroy.

Can beauties of sweet Emma cease,
 Or Proserpine be gone?
Can Socrates be dead, or Greece
 A ruined Parthenon?
Must twilight spread her purple wings
Forever o'er the Attic Kings?

Nay, nay, Persephone returns,
 Fairer the light she sees,
So brighter yet the glory burns—
 The years of Pericles.
Content with beauty her desire,
Ionia's soul is yet afire.
 —Cyril Richardson,

THE PAST

Sprightly elves with silver wings,
 Silver splashed with gold;
Frolicked by sweet bubbling springs—
 In the days of old.

One-eyed witches, clad in hoods,
 Deep in horrid lore,
Boiled their cauldrons in the woods—
 In the days of yore.

Dragons from their pitchy lair,
Breathed a flaming blast;
Mermaids sat and combed their hair—
In the golden past.

Bards skilled in the magic word,
Plunking ancient lays,
Singing went from lord to lord—
In the good old days.

Satyr, fairies, pixies, gnomes
Brownies by the score,
Gone from all their woodland homes,
Gone forever more.

No, not gone, just hid in books;
Solons, give good heed.
Still they dance in greenwood nooks,
When the children read.

—Percy H. Wright

A RONDEL ON THE RONDEL

A rondel is a slender thing,
A pretty little flower,
A song made for a gnome to sing
With his elfin bower.

Or for a lark on joyous wing,
Some early morning hour.
A rondel is a slender thing,
A dainty woodland flower.



I shall my love a rondel bring,
To bind him in my power,
For slightest songs oft clearest ring
With music's happy dower.
Then take my love, this rondel-thing,
This little woodland flower.

—*Percy H. Wright*

JULY

One lush midsummer night, as bounteous June
Passed into rich July, beneath a moon
That shone resplendent in her fullest light,
With deep, but soft-edged shadows everywhere,
I watched the months change places in the night.

Gay, glorious June, into the bowery lair—
Where the twelve sisters wait, each for her turn,
Like actresses behind the scene, who burn
Each to outshine the other—into the lair
Stepped, and July came forth in gold and green,
Ten times more proud, a hundred times more fair,
With gently colored robes of richest sheen
Beneath the bloodless moonlight, fold on fold,
At once sky-blue, green, and liquid gold;
Her maiden eyes alive with limpid flashes,
Like twilight lighting in the silent air,
The evening mist upon her silken lashes
And fireflies softly glimmering in her hair.
I watched her as she came with haughty stride,
Before her all the greenwood giants sighed
With a low breath that set each leaf a-wing,
As soft the night-winds stirred; while here and
there

From distant ponds, above the murmuring
Of frogs, the bull-frog creaked his greeting rare,
And from the river shore, the wakeful loon
Half sang, half spoke his thanks for all the boon
Of warm and quiet night. The goddess heard,
Received it mute, as one but half aware
Then stooped to scatter pollen on a gourd;
So done, the act was mystic—like a prayer.

—Percy H. Wright

AFTER THE RAIN

After the rain, the sward smells sweetly—
After the rain.

A thousand signs tell meetly, meetly,
How welcome was the evening shower,
Welcome to grass and herb and flower,
And welcome to the grain.

And as the cloud, all gleaming whitely,
Moves east again,
The sun into the mist shines brightly
And then, as through the ages hoary,
Again leaps forth that summer glory,
The rainbow in the rain.

—Percy H. Wright.



EDITOR'S NOTE

The Broadsheet of Student Verses, put out under the auspices of the Writers' Club of the University of Saskatchewan, shows signs of becoming a hardy annual. It has been most generously supported by the University and general public. We trust it will continue to receive the same measure of support. The generation of students with whom the idea began graduates this year into the outer world. It is expected that they will continue to contribute to future numbers of the Broadsheet, as some graduates have already begun to do; and that the less-disturbed leisure of their new occupations will allow of their carrying out some of their long-treasured ambitions with regard to the publication, namely, the issuing of single numbers containing one-act plays and single short stories or articles. As before, the Writers' Club desires to point out that its aim is not "greatness." Its members like literature and enjoy cultivating it in a practical way; and they find the doing so in company very helpful and very good fun. They hope the public will enjoy the "fun" as much as the originators of it.

J. M. L.







University of Saskatchewan

*Student
Verses*

1931



Broadsheet Number Four



Student Verses

THE FLESH-SPHINX

1931

Age, just four and twenty:
Scared-ripe for her years;
In her eyes leaf-stripped trees:
Dissonant notes in her ears.

School; and college; and after:
Cheeks flushed, thin-lined. Eyes
Sparkling without laughter;
Confidence; not surmise.

Think, will she answer our query
Or remain tight-lipped?
Purposed to smirch the world?
Or angel—slipped?

Anon.

HEINE'S "AUS ALTER MARCHEN WINKT ES"

Comes music faintly ringing,
While beckon faery hands
From legends sweet with singing,
In far-off magic lands;



Where languish great white flowers
In the gold of eventide,
Sad looking from dewy bowers,
Each like a tender bride;

Where all the trees are calling,
Singing in rustling choir;
Cool waters music pouring,
Rhythms that never tire;

And love-songs deeply thrilling—
So sweet you never heard—
With heartache past all stilling
Thy drained heart is stirred.

Ah! could I now but go there,
There all my thirst assuage,
All sorrows leave behind here,
Find joys that never age!

Ah! thou fair land of gladness!
I see thee oft in dream;
Alas! thy heavenly brightness
Dissolves in morning's beam.

W. L. Austin.

LINES WRITTEN IN BOREDOM

How curious is Life!
Once your kisses thrilled me.
That midnight we flew down black roads through
moaning pines,
I felt your very heartbeats in your lips.

Again, one night dancing.
You drew me close in your embrace
And whispered sweet foolish things:
The world stopped turning and held its breath for joy.

But now, really I don't hate you.
Only you're just a person.
Like any other man.
I can talk religion to you.
Or styles, or stocks, or food.
Lean my head against your shoulder
And think of someone else.

G.C.

ROSEMARY, 1929

My heart is an unseen garden
Where once you walked in beauty bright.
Your smile out-danced the daffodil's joy:
Your kiss was deep sunlight caught in a pool.
Your voice caressed me, like wind in the hedge:
And strength, as of oak-roots, lay in your arms.
Incense of pine, and sweetness of rose,
These were your love to me.

But now you have gone to another's garden:
My white picket gate is closed and locked:
My flowers, in sunshine, yet flaunt their gay heads:
But nightly they weep for the memory of you.

G.C.

THE WILLOWS

A stone's throw from the College wall
The willows stand, beside a slough;
Like flames of fire in a darkened hall.
They cheer the eye the winter through.



When days are cold and skies are grey,
And heads are bowed to driven snow,
As o'er the field men make their way,
My heart is warmed by the willows' glow.

When clouds are gone and skies are bright,
And the air is crisp, and warm the sun;
When snow drifts sparkle, purest white,
And tracks show where swift feet have run.

The willows change their hue, but burn
A ceaseless fire throughout the day;
Until, at Evensong, they turn
To blood-red in the sun's last ray.

A. F. LeDieu.

FALL

Silver are the poplar boughs,
Golden are their quiv'ring leaves;
Black the fallowed earth whercon
Farmer's tractor roars and heaves.

Blue the wide sky overhead,
White, the clouds in billows heap;
Blue the waters of the slough,
Gold the field where man shall reap.

Red and yellow willow leaves,
Glints of green still in the grass;
"Fall is here!" all Nature cries,
As across the fields I pass.

A. F. LeDieu.

THE PIPES OF PAN

There's an enchantment in the stars tonight :

A laughter fills the hollows of the sky;
All murmurous with voices of delight

The little winds go surging, scurrying by.
Over the sleeping earth a glory stirs,—
Strange beauty drifts along the forest ways;
A splendour in the net of stars is caught.
And 'neath the shadowy firs
A brooding life almost to mortal gaze
Grows visible, by spells in silence wrought.

What magic this that half reveals the face
Of nature, vivid, passionate, aware?
How may our dull eyes her elusive grace
Half glimpse, half guess, her dancing limbs so fair?
Listen, for even yet his spell he weaves.
The music-maker: 'tis Pan's pipe of reed
Whose haunting music calls you in the wind
And murmurs through the leaves
His ancient melodies that coax and plead
And charm their way into your inmost mind.

Surrender to his music sweet and clear!
Follow those silvery notes that call to thee,—
For seldom to a world grown old and drear
Are opened now the gates of faerie.
Pass through them to the heart of hidden truth;
Yield to the sweet compulsion of his spell
That draws you to the many-colored land
Of mirth and fadeless youth,
Where all the ancient joyous gods yet dwell
Now they from our bleak surface-lives are hurled.

Isa McArthur.



TO GENIUS

You dwelt with us, yet sometimes found it hard
To breathe, confined within our lighted room,
So neat, so cramping, so securely barred
Against the shadow-shapes that fearful loom
Without, the watchers in the vale of night,
Strongly we built our house against its storm,
Made it a dwelling-place secure and trim.
Against the terror of the dark our light
Shone comforting and warm;
How bleak it was without! How snug within!

Yet how you chafed at our security!
How often was our narrow world too small—
And forth into the night's immensity
You fared alone, nor did its dark appal!
For you it was the country of your birth;
And those dark shapes of mystery and fear
Against whom we barred the windows of our brain
Your comrades were; you shared their secret mirth;
Nay, more, you dared to peer
Into the deepest mysteries of pain.

Behind our restless thoughts,—winged, glittering,—
Stretches the endless dark of the unknown.
There, splendid 'mid the stars you walked,—a king,
A god, and welcomed back unto your own.
High converse held you with the mighty ones;
Eternal harmonies rang through your soul.
Yet even as you shared in nameless bliss
A memory came of us, earth's lesser sons;
And forthwith back you stole
From that world's splendour to the grey of this.

You crept once more into the lighted room,
The narrow shelter of the commonplace.
Our gilded candlelight was naught but gloom
Beside the burning glory of your face!
You took from us the strong solidity
Of stone, our homely day, the words we spoke;
No more they sheltered us from the unseen!
With their unwieldiness most mightily
You strove, until they broke
Into the living semblance of your dream.

Isa McArthur.

WITHERED LEAVES

All this long night have I been seated here,
Lonely as death must be, nor have I found
One happy thought, or heard a cheerful sound:
Even the furtive mice no longer fear
To gnaw at will. Last month you were so dear
That I was happier than a pagan god
With murmuring worshippers, the ground you trod
Was no less sacred than an angel's tear.

But now, since you have broken every vow,
And fixed your worship on a brighter star,
My heart is cold as any winter sky;
Cold as the leaves that fall from yonder bough,
Which cares not where they fall. O God, we are
So desolate, those withered leaves and I.

R. E. Rashley.



PARAPHRASES OF CATULLUS
OF CARMEN 5

To love, dear Lesbia, let that be
The end of all our living.
Can there be worth for you and me
In all the dull philosophy
An idle sage is giving?
The suns can set and rise anew:
But when dim shadows creep
On our brief days of life so few,
There's only night for me and you—
Eternal night and sleep.

C. Richardson.

OF CARMEN 35

Tossing on a bed of fever—
Pain and sickness never ceasing,
Your Catullus lies, his sickness
Every day and hour increasing.
But this stings me more than fever,
That, in all my pain, no other
Comes than cold and stony silence
From a friend I loved as brother.
Send, O send your poor Catullus
Just the tiniest little token,
Sadder than the dirge of Shelley
For his loved Adonis spoken.

C. Richardson.

OF CARMEN 13

My dear Fabullus, if the smile
Of heaven's on thee, in a while
Thou shalt dine sumptuously with me—
But bring a fine repast with thee;
Of wine and funds of mirth and wit,
And don't forget to bring with it
A maiden beautifully fair,

And thou shalt dine in splendour rare.
For in the purse of thy Catullus
There's only cobwebs, dear Fabullus.
But thou shalt have, for all my plight,
The very essence of delight,
Or aught more charming, could there be.
That perfume will I give to thee,
The Graces and the Passions gave
To my sweet love, and thou wilt crave
The gods to make thee every bit
A nose, when thou hast scented it.

C. Richardson.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

Yesterday and Tomorrow

I

To and fro the white ships go
Abroad on the golden sea,
The great red sun in the west hangs low,
And the breeze is blowing free.
"Come," cry the seamen, "let us away,—
Out on the stormy deep,
Ere darkness swallow the light of day,
And the winds begin to sweep!"

II

Fearlessly the people eye
The foam on the breakers white,
A menacing cloud in the eastern sky,
And a sea that's reared to smite.
"Ho!" cry the airmen, "let us away,—
Over the waves' expanse!
We'll soar through the night till break of day,
Then hail the coast of France!"

A. F. Van Horne.

SUICIDE

I am quite mad,
And I am fascinated
By the power to end this madness
That lies in sharp steel knives,
Fragrant powders, brightly colored liquids,
And a river far below a bridge.

Ruth Wilson.

EVENING PRAYER

Great gloomy night
Draw close your garments round me,
Touch with cool fingers my weary limbs,
And let your great blackness receive my tired
thoughts.

Bend close to kiss me,
And as I feel your heart pulse close to mine,
Clasp me to your breast in sleep.

Ruth Wilson.

PERFECTION

I dreamed that I was God,
And in my dream I said:
"I will fashion a man and a woman
Each for the other."

So I took soft yielding clay,
Warmed it with my hands,
Moulded it tenderly,
And made a woman—
Made her with red lips
And firm full thighs.
I cared not how I formed the man,
But in his eyes I put the love of beauty,
And in his hands . . . magic.

Ruth Wilson.

PASSION FLOWER

Do you know how man was made?
I'll tell you—

Once in the dim dark ages long ago
God lay far-flung across the breast of night
And in that great embrace
There flared a passion point of flame—the
 passion flower.
Trembling at the beauty of what he felt and saw,
With gentle, reverent fingers,
God plucked the flaming stamen forth
And it was man.
God so loved the beauty of the flower
He could not let it die,
So yet it burns a million times
Within the breasts of men,
Creating in an endless chain
Passion flower and men again.

Ruth Wilson.

ETERNITY

Did you ever see Eternity—
See it so close
That you could reach out to touch it
With happy, happy fingers?
O my little ones,
That is the thing the Gods will not endure.
Man must ever strive
But never must he see the goal.
If once he does, he rots forever after.

Ruth Wilson.



THE THINGS THAT LIVE

The little cottage, the clinging vines,
The light at the open door,
The glowing hearth and the tiny feet,
That patter across the floor.

The tender smile, the cheerful grace,
The touch of a loving hand,
The mind that knows and the eyes that speak
From a heart than can understand.

The tiny flower, the morning dew,
The song of the warbling thrush,
The rippling rill that takes us still
Away from the worldly rush.

The withered rose and the lock of hair,
The memories that never die,
The tender smile on the lips that spoke
Then whispered a sad goodbye.

The songs, the hopes and the prayers raised
In thanks to a God above,
The tribute paid and the reverence due
To the ones who serve through love.

These are the real, the lasting things
That have lived from the dawn of Time,
That have stood the test of the human heart,
In every zone and clime.

As the hours go by and the years roll on
And the centuries mark their pace,
Ever and ever where love is found
In the heart of the human race.

These simple things will the greatest be,
These joys that are touched with pain,
Because they're a part of the human heart
And the links in the living chain.

Elsie Wiman.

HOW WE LIVE

We do not live by what we have
In hoarded coins of gold.
We do not live by what we boast
Of treasures rare and old.

We live along by what we love,
By what we hope and pray;
For, after all, it's only these
That count along the way.

Elsie Wiman.

SONNET—"THE POET'S EYES"

How swiftly do the clearest memories dim
Of our most precious visions, moments rare
When Inspiration breathes her mountain air
Into our flagging minds, and to the brim
Fills them with richest passion, and a vim
For life—till Beauty bursts out everywhere,
Till love and labor seem most wondrous fair,
Till great deeds tingle through our every limb.

This is our other bread, and oh, how oft
The heart would have it from the dismal skies!
To catch a thought that bears the soul aloft
Into the starry heights, and for a prize
To weave it into verse of music soft,
Is glory. God, give me a poet's eyes!

Anonymous.



POLLEN AND STARLIGHT

I plucked an open squash-vine flower,
Yellow as cloth of gold,
And from its heart the pollen dropped
Upon the dusty mould.

And when I saw the pollen lie,
The yellow on the black,
The living on the ever-dead,
My heart cried out, "Alack!"

"What have I done?" For pollen-gold
Is treasure-gold indeed.
Stones, water, soil—are everywhere
But this bright dust is—Seed.

For earth may move with moving winds,
And rain slip down the hill,
But pollen grows by inner urge,
And something like a Will.

And then, somehow, I thought of stars,
Unseen in noonday glare,
Whose rays come down through gulfs of
space,
And touched that pollen there.

Through aeons upon aeons of time,
In cold, and void, and dark,
Fleet had it sped, and yet not found
One lonely vital spark.

O ray of light, return again,
Bearing the message far,
That in one place is dwelling Life—
Word for the utmost star!

Percy H. Wright.

TIME

Thunder tonight; and in it thought
And majesty, and the huge burden of time.

I seem to hear the thunder rolling
Over this swamp—
Yes, this was a swamp
Aeons and aeons ago.
It shook the fronds of ferns,
The giant ferns.
The reptiles heard it, but no man,
For no man was here.
And I? Then I was not—
But thunder was,
Rolling over the dismal swamp.


Thunder tonight; and in it thought,
And majesty, and the huge burden of time.

I hear it now, tonight, the rolling thunder,
Rolling over the bending wheat,
For the strong wind bends the wheat,
And shakes the panes
Of this new house of mine.
Yes, I hear it,
For now in this place am I.

The lightning breaks, the thunder speaks,
The green wheat bends,
The walls tremble,
And I see and know it all, for now
Here am I.

Thunder tonight; and in it thought,
And majesty, and the huge burden of time.





I seem to hear the thunder rolling
Over this wilderness.
Yes, this will be wilderness again
One day.
This painted house will long ago have fallen
Into dust,
And the red desert will be where my wheat is,
And up will come a cloud,
And from the cloud once more will thunder
speak
Over the desert,
And no one will hear it.
Perhaps the nettles and the sage
Of the desert, and the cactus
Will quiver at it, before it rolls away—
As it has done tonight.
But nothing shall I know of it, for then
I am not here.
Where, in that day, shall I be? Even
In the Great Tomorrow
As in the Great Yesterday.
Yet this place remains, yet is thunder,
Rolling, rolling over the wilderness.

There was thunder tonight: and thought
Was in it, and the huge burden of time.

Percy H. Wright.

EDITOR'S NOTE

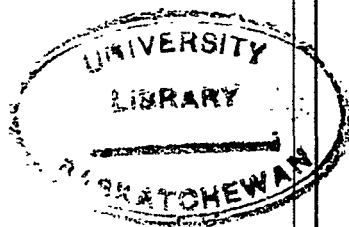
If it is the business of poetry, as Matthew Arnold maintained, 'to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us,' that business is surely as necessary in bad times as in good. That, at least, is the feeling of the Writers' Club of the University of Saskatchewan, under whose auspices this Broadsheet, the fourth of its kind, is put forth. There are some things that even poverty has always found it worth while to pay for: and poetry is one. The members of the Writers' Club, and their friends, have had great pleasure in cultivating together their little "potato patch" of poetry; it is a simple pleasure, and it costs little. They have faith that the University and the general public will be willing, as in former years, to pay the modest sum asked of them for a share in the writers' enjoyment.

J. M. L.





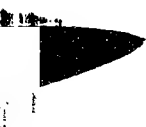
Unibersity of Saskatchewan



Student Verses
1932

Broadsheet Number Five





Student Verses

LÈSE MAJESTÉ

Sometimes I've laughed
In chorus with the Gods.
And so the Fates
Have punished me.

Yet still I laugh,
To find my puny self
Still laughing with the Gods
At the queer antics of Humanity.

Yes! I can laugh
For still I hold
The last gift from Pandora's box
And hope is left to me.

Anonymous.

SONG

(From the French, by Charles Gill)

Eagles have wings
To feast with azure-blue their spacious majesties,
To fire anew the flame in their keen eye that springs
And to reign unperturbed in the immensities,
Eagles have wings.

Angels have wings
To waft them to the couch of every little child;
To bring from out the world of far-off, heavenly things
Dreams that enwreath each head nestling in slumber mild,
Angels have wings.

Our souls have wings
In their transcendent flight to raise love's quivering bliss,
Till like a constant star it light all sufferings;
After supreme farewell and sacrificial kiss
Our souls have wings.

W. L. Austin.



LIFE LOOKS AT DEATH

I would have each one die this night
To taste the pangs of death;
I would have each one pause in flight
For brief adieu to life and breath.

Then each should wind his silent way
Mid subtle vales of shade,
And each should stop awhile to pray
To that soul of him he might have made;

Then all would sigh apart, I think,
And some would hide their face in shame;
But all would feel that on life's brink
There is no cause for praise or blame!

S. C.

SONG OF THE SHORES

O for the song that is sung to me
By the saffron sky and the sad sighing sea,
Where far, far out the sea-gulls crest
The white-capped billows with foam bedrest.
The wind and the waves and the sad grey sea,
Oh, for the song they sing to me.—

The battering beat of the waves at the feet
Of the scar-faced rocks that the sea-mists sheet,
And the wind's sad song and the sea-gulls' cry,
Which the cave is and echoes send on high.

O I long to be by the wild grey sea,
With the warring elements 'round me,
For the 'wildering waste of sea and sky
Calm the restless longings that in me lie!

Marion Marshall.

RONDEL

Though age my body may decay,
The kisses that you give today
My heart will keep inviolate.

When eyes are dim and hair is grey
I will remember and repay,
Though age my body may decay,
The kisses that you give today.

Let Autumn follow happy May
And wither every rose away,
I will not let my love abate.

Though age my body may decay,
The kisses that you give today
My heart will keep inviolate.

R. E. Rashley.

SONNET

They weep that you have found new walks to tread
With flowering borders they may never know,
Roses for tired hearts, bright daisies white as snow,
And violets and many a flowery bed
Where weary eyes may rest. They weep to see
The gate that shuts them in beyond recall,
And the high trees leaning over the wall
That shuts them out. But never a tear from me,
For I know a garden where the bees
Sip golden honey from strange flowers, and where
The gypsy wind still sings his old wild tune
To vagrant hearts walking under the trees,
And sometimes in the dusk we'll seek you there,
To walk with linked arms under the old moon.

R. E. Rashley.



SONNET

In storied times men raised their wondering eyes
And blazoned in the west they saw god's hand,
And felt his presence in the fertile land;
He murmured in the stream; They heard his sighs
In whispering reeds; In thunder his full voice
Roared his command; And all the country through
Each built a temple to the god he knew
And worshipped at the altar of his choice.

Tho' now the temples echo to the cries
Of wandering birds, the ancient gods are gone,
Still will I keep one altar set apart
With garlands fresh and carven imageries,
And a high pedestal to raise our friendship on
To worship in the temple of my heart.

R. E. Rashley.

We stood one evening in the snow
While the wind blew through the leafless boughs,
And spoke of love and made our vows,
And kissed, nor thought how cold the place;
And ever since when the winds blow
I feel your hair across my face.

R. E. Rashley.

I WALKED ABROAD . . .

I walked abroad
And breathed the pungent air—
And the Great Heart of God
Throbbled in all things
And even in my breast.

I looked afar
And deep within my eyes
A power unfolded till it seemed
I saw beyond the heavens and the stars
And all was open to my mind.

Veronica Lenhard.

DANCE MUSIC

The violins' song begins
And out of darkness springs
A flash of light
That moves so swift it dims
Our eyes to its frail limbs.

Those limbs in ecstasy
Clean as the wind and free
Weave like the sun
Shining through leaves on grass
Dancing as breezes pass.

Veronica Lenhard.

FUTILE DREAM.

I weep for the Death of a Dream.
Yet the Dream was not mine
At beginning.

I sigh for the passing of Life
For a Life that has missed
Its fruition.

I dread the dark mem'ry of pain
In the eyes of that spirit
Bewildered.

I weep for the Death of a Dream—

Veronica Lenhard.



QUEST

Your face doth often shine
With joy as if divine
Light had flooded clear
Through rift in atmosphere
Most pure and rare.

A frightened hush then falls
Upon my soul. What calls,
So clearly understood
To stir thy dear heart's blood
And light that shining there?

Veronica Lenhard.

WHY?

Why should Fate, so curiously erratic
Have guided me—No! rather pushed me—hither,
The sport of feelings moving but not recognized
For any known or rational need of being—
To move along a maze of tangled pathways
Until from far I glimpsed your half-hid figure,
Bending and parting green boughs tentatively
And coming with a step serene and languid,
Gazing idly off through the green twilight;
Beheld you, and at once remembered seeing
As in a dream, a figure just so nymph-like
Long ago, before my memory held things.

Veronica Lenhard.

RONDEL

Night brings her benediction down
And covers all the sleeping town
 With silence soft and sweet.

Wearied I lay aside my crown
Of thorny woes and fond renown.
Night brings her benediction down
And covers all the sleeping town.

While sleep smooths out my worried frown
With memories of your rustling gown
 And hurried dancing feet,
Night brings her benediction down
And covers all the sleeping town
 With silence soft and sweet.

R. E. Rashley.

"LAKE ATHAPUPASKOW AT NIGHT"

How like a land untrod these waters seem;
The dark rim where the pines through restless day
Stood motionless, is like a doubtful dream,
 That holds a secret which it fears to say.

There in the deathly stillness of the night,
Across that untrod land no traveller brings
His safe return—glimmer of hopeless light
Shadows the Country of Forgotten Things.

Here restless murmurs wake the slumber sweet—
Faint, pallid tints disturb the closing eye;
The chill wind wakes the dreamer but to greet
The Land of Longed-for Glory with a sigh.



Pale saffron streaks an endless waited dawn—
Wan crimson like a withered rose's cheek—
Dull grey, so chilly and so woe-begone,
Like faded flags waft o'er a country bleak.

Here never ceasing moans the troubled lake,
Mid empty murmurs of the heedless trees,
And faint, cold glimmers of the nights that wake—
They dare not sleep, because they think of these.

Bare, barren pines, all charred with lost desire—
Pale trees that bloom with withered autumn leaves,
Whose ceaseless falling, like a dying fire,
Kindles a spark in ashes, but deceives.

Restless the silent spirits hover there,
Perhaps one sigh breaks on the muffled breeze—
Hoping in endless hopelessness—despair,
Rotting the logs that yesterday were trees.

Here laps the lake of everlasting shade,
Here lands are pale and waves have lost their powers:
Lone island-spirits of the loves that fade
Pass to the Twilight of Eternal Hours.

C. C. Richardson.

MEMORY

The night was clear—
Like a bell;
The moon smiled through the frosty air;
We stood—
We two—
As one,
Forgetting the old broken stair.
You smiled, penetrating my soul—
Maybe a minute—

Perhaps a year,
I know not.
I lifted my eyes.
It was done.
We felt not;
Neither the ground,
Nor the frosty air;
Numb,
Sensitive only
To ecstasy.

All that is past—
Not gone—
The ecstasy lives again.
Not pain,
Just memory.

W. H. Marion Stewart.

TO BE

I looked into her speaking eyes,
And there forgot
To Be—
Sad.

I climbed the mountain by her side,
And there forgot—
To Be—
Glad.

We talked the whole long summer day,
While I forgot,
To Be—
Anything particular

But just—
To Be.

C. C. Upshall.



A FRIEND

A friend whose cheek is soft and white,
Who never complains that I press it too tight,
Who never refuses my closest caresses,
Who dries my falling tears with white tresses.
I tell all my joys and my sorrows to,
Though we've never been known to bill and coo:
But this friend would do the same for you—
My pillow.

C. C. Upshall.

MEMORIES

The wind sings mournful melodies
Around the eaves and door,
And speaks to me of happy days,
Of days that are no more.

For nameless, aching memories dwell
With anguish in a heart full sore,
As evening breezes rise to tell
Of days that are no more.

When as a child with joy naïve
I roamed the fields and prairies o'er,
I saw the sun cloud patterns weave—
In days that are no more.

No longer sweet delights pulsate,
No longer Nature's love can o'er
Me cast the joy in things sensate—
Since days that are no more.

Voicing the menace of the years
The blast howls wild across the moor,
And my soul burns with unwept tears—
Since days that are no more.

A. F. Van Horn e.

THE SONG OF THE WILD CANARY

What clear pulsating music sweet
Pours from your little throat;
You dash on wings so deft and fleet
And wear a flaming coat.

Your golden plumes are shimmering gleams;
You flit from tree to tree,
And o'er you dance the bright sunbeams
From heaven's high vault set free.

But better than your shining feather
I love your glorious voice;
When I hear you, I know not whether
To weep or to rejoice.

You seem so well in tune with life
That since I've laboured long,
It gives me rest from worldly strife
To hear your happy song.

A. F. Van Horne.

THE PASSER-BY

We meet—'tis nothing!
Many we've met and many there are
Who will pass and continue their way.
Only another to greet, to smile at and say,
"Wonderful day, brother, wonderful day!"

We meet—'tis nothing,
Nothing at all, yet somehow it is.
We pause and seek him again,
A smile, the brush of a sleeve and the touch of a cane.
That's all—and a bit of numbness and pain.

Elsie Wiman.



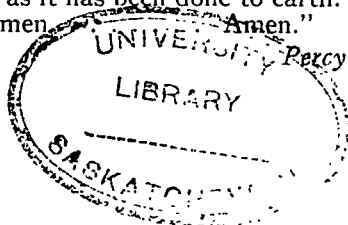
GOD'S REQUIREMENT

In the darkness of the depths of Time,
When all our busy thoughts are stilled,
And over our white bones,
Or gray dust that was our bones,
Oceans wash
Winds wail
Clouds rise
Cold rains come
Light gives place to darkness, and to light, darkness,
And mute stars stand out,
The stars we took for fixed,
Moved in all their groupings,
No more as once of old, but moved, altered, strange,
So deeply have they dropt in the Abyss of Time:
And when at last these ancient stars are dead,
The sun burned out, earth crumbled,
And the new stars have spun far from each other
Into the wastes of space,

There to build anew—New Heavens and New Earths,
But without us, or our kind,
For our kind is no more,
Without a trace and without a memory,
For Man has gone to his long home
Gone to his long home,
And there are no mourners,
For He is gone without a trace or memory,
And is as though He had not been:

For that day, we cry—we cry—
"O God, how selfless thou requirest us to be!
"O God, how selfless, and how small before Thee!
"But not beyond our strength.
"Therefore Thy Will be Done, Thy Will
"To Heaven, as it has been done to earth.
"Be it so. Amen. Amen."

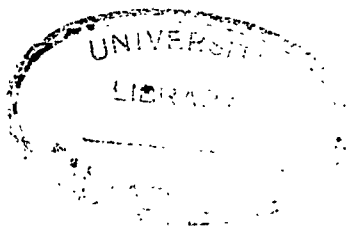
Percy H. Wright.



EDITORIAL NOTE

Once more, to prove the Academic Muse alive,
The Writers' Club puts out its Broadsheet—Number Five.
Some it may move to ecstasies, and some—to fits:
In either case it's worth the modest price—two bits!

J. M. L.





University of Saskatchewan



Student Verses

1933

Broadsheet Number Six





Student Verses

SONNET—"THE BIRD SYMPHONY"

In spring all heav'n with music laughs and sobs
As from the myriad voice of birds that sing,
To joyous earth and sky sweet music throbs,
And symphonies from Nature's minstrels ring.
The horned larks, in exquisite sweet refrains
With pure impulsive joy pour forth their soul;
The meadow larks, salute the morn with strains
Of cheer, then deep rich melodies unroll.
The redwings' liquid whispers join the throngs
To swell in quaint and memory-haunting voices;
The cheerful monotone of sparrow songs
Is broken when the heaven soon rejoices
As wild canaries' vibrant songs divine
Proclaim how Nature and true joy entwine.

A. F. Van Horne.

SASKATOON

These are some memories of you:
Muffled in the fog of sleep and early winter morning,
From across the Saskatchewan, the sweet ringing of the
Angelus.
The wide, sloping arch of a bridge over dark jade glass.
A white open stretch where one fights into the fangs of the
wind.
A street swinging breathless down a grey hill.
The high, blue peak of a roof against yellow-copper leaves.
Pink sunset mist, wrapping a dream about the skyline.
The midnight blackness of a copse by the river
Under a trestle where a long freight lumbers by.
Winking red and yellow city lights across the water—
Votive lights of prayer for our great future.

G.C.



TRUE LOVE

*To feel altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love. ("The Two Voices")*

True love springs joyous from the throstle's throat
When dewy air of morn breathes up the dale
In gentle sleep, and whispers love's sweet note
While silver clouds the new-born sunrise veil.

Real unpremeditated love that darts
From speaking eyes, true lovers' dare not know
But only feel, with inward joy of hearts
As in each others' sight their spirits glow.

For true love is not born on wings of thought
In open light, but on the viewless wings
Of feelings deep within the heart untaught;
From hidden nooks within the heart love springs.
A. F. Van Horne.

BOY BY THE FIRE

I knelt by the grate.
You sat behind and watched me,
Offered advice and laughed at me
Because I burned paper to see it flame.
Well, was your love any more than this?

You remember (or do you?)
The glorious bursts of light and warmth,
The comforting crackle of wood,
The hushed, sweet silence.

Long, long after,
We looked at the fire.
It was charred and dead.
Even so, your love.

G. C.

FACES

Faces come in such queer patterns;
They're all more or less alike,
Yet some subtle twist and tucking
Makes them all entirely separate.

I like the pattern of your face
And idly wonder where its parts
Originated.—Who first wore
Those ears with funny corners pointed
Almost as a faun's ears, softly;
Eyes anticipating laughter;
Mouth tucked up - that scar becomes you.
All your face to laws of art
Rebellious, is just the way it should be.
I like the pattern of your face.

Veronica Lenhard.

INSIGHT

I'm on my way to see my love,
And all the world is new;
I hear a tomtit chirp on twig,
And one small kitten mew,
I see the evening-colored west,
I smell the evening dew;
And though the sea is far away
I know about it, too,
And hear the long, slow wave wash
On Easter Island blue;
I know that from one apple bloom
A bee this moment flew,
And that across one gorge of Alp
A huge moon-shadow drew -
I pierce the whole world's hidden heart,
In lightning-instant view,
And all because of you, my love -
All because of you!

Percy H. Wright.



THE DEAD

Where are the men who left their tools to rust
Unheeded in the field and bravely turned
Their hands to sterner tasks? They must have yearned
Often for home, yet came not back. Like dust
Caught from their fields, scattered and thrown away
By some quick wind, they lie. What secret word
Will penetrate their slumber and be heard
To rouse them to their tasks at break of day?

They slumber on. No voice can reach as far
As their cold bed. Their wakening is past
Since Death reached out and gave them their release.
Pain cannot touch them, trouble cannot mar
Their timeless sleep. They only know at last,
Silence and comfort and eternal peace.

R. E. Rashley.

RENASCENCE

Silly youths with shining hair,
Cocktails, jests, and fiery kisses.
A year of this, and then
You came.

Softly you spoke of the things I love,
Music and London, the sea and dreams;
Softly you told of your sad, lost love
Until my heart shed tears for you;
Softly you stroked my hair against your
breast;
Peace lay asleep in your hands.
And in your voice, My Dear,
A breath of Life came back to me.

G. C.

GREETING

Near a grey old castle in a shadowy park
Where the grass grows green and high
I was lying once, my thoughts with the clouds
Wandering the clear blue sky.

The birds sang in trees, the wind in the stalks,
And blossoms danced over me
When I and the sunshine were listening alone
To my childhood's melody. .

The world was my own, all treasures on earth,
And all my dreams were true;
High up in the ether the swallows were mine,
At my wish and command they flew.

Beyond the old walls and the tower stretched
The grainfields, waving seas
With poppies red and cornflowers blue,
To the shore of the dark forest trees.

Of the past I am dreaming, when staircase
and halls
Once echoed with frolicsome sound,
Where forlorn in stillness and prayer now
The monks are making their round.

From the sandstone posts of the iron gate
Two lions the wanderer greet
Far over woodland, meadow, and fields
Where lowland and mountain meet. . .

May the blessing of peace forever rest there!
May happiness be with the hand
Which in far off days will lead the plow
Where now the towers stand!

W. Schwangart



THE RACE

The swifter the race,
The sooner it's run,
And we fall in a breathless heap,
Tired and strained.
We are numbed with the din, but we hear a
note—
Someone has won.

Sometimes the trophy
Is gilded with gold,
Sometimes it's only a name,
A second, a third,
Or another fool in a numberless lot
Grown weary and old.

So we all race
On the courses we choose,
And our lives are spent for a goal
Which some of us reach
And feel for a moment the thrill of the prize —
And the rest of us lose.

Elsie Wiman.

CALL OF SPRING

Toil ties my hands—yet through a careless rift
In labor's prison steals the sun's bright shaft;
The South Wind's tabor beats incessantly
Till mind and heart strive, longing to be free;
My every atom blindly reaches forth
With ravenous thirst to lie close to the earth,
To smell the damp soil in the coulees, taste
The sharp flavor of the crocus's stem, to waste
With prodigal joy a careless day wand'ring
O'er the hills, to watch gay rills meand'ring,
To find by chance near flowers a patch of snow,
Lost toy of Winter's child when, loath to go,
She tripped in looking backward, wavering
With fascinated fear at the approach of Spring.
Veronica Lenhard.

HALF-WAY HOUSE

There are Palms in Halfway House
Sticking in green candy pails—
Their trunks are wrapped with brown frowsiness,
Their fronds look like last years hats
With a crimp here and there

There are straight stiff-backed seats
In Halfway House, facing each other;
The table between, narrow, knees bump;
There are looking glasses fastened to the wall
Like the glasses men shave by in cabooses.

There is a clock in Halfway House
Always thirty-seven after nine,
And the date is almost the fourteenth;
Standard time on the glass that
Encloses the pendulum which doesn't pendel.

A radio radios....
Drink Orange Crush...
Champions eat York Chocolate -
The Chocolate of Champions.....

The door squeaks open,
Emanuelites come in-
Tea,Tea,Tea,
There are three of them-
Tea,Tea,Tea.

The bill is
Fifteen cents.
The door squeaks open,
Squeaks shut.
Good night!

V. H. T.



THE ANSWER

I stretch out my hands to the cold
White moon,
Moon like a white ghost-flower,
And I call in vain to the heartless stars,
For they are lost in the blue;
And the sea mocks my call with
Its thunder,
Heavily mocks and jeers at
My plea,
But the little winds on their
Swift wings
Blow over the cold mountain peaks
Bringing peace down from the heights,
O the little winds
Of sleep.

Clara E. Hill.

VACATION

"A thing of Beauty is a joy forever"—Keats.

And all this scene of wonder still lives on
When I am far away. The mountains lift
Their hoary heads to heaven in reverent prayer
While at their feet the sea forever breaks
And all the little whitecap waves dance on
'Till lost where blue of sea and sky are one.

The white lift of the seagull's wing adrift
Bespeaks a freedom we do not possess,
Chained as we are to circumstance and time,
Unless such joy as this become our haven
Of quiet hours, when memory awakes
Beauty which Time cannot erase, and lifts
Us from the restlessness of other ways.

Clara E. Hill.

GEMS THAT ARE

"She counted her jewels one by one"
So runs the tale of a princess fair.
There were ear-rings and bracelets, gems and rings,
A jewelled tiara for her hair;
For her royal father had said that she
The richest maid in his realm should be."
I have no diamonds, emeralds, rubies, gold,
But I have gems, their number manifold,
Gems that enrich me, more than stones could
please.
My jewels are full of life, for they are these -
The joy of dawn, the peace of twilight hush;
The plash of rain on newly - opened leaves;
A sleepy chicken's peep; a wild duck's flight;
The lap of water; the slow drip of eaves;
The scent of clean-washed clothes, of new-baked
bread;
The will to labour and the strength to toil;
The first breath of a dew-wet rousing world;
The warm damp odor of life-giving soil;
The friends who prove their worth when skies
are grey;
And love, far-reaching, brightening all the way.—
For jewels such as these, I wealth forsake,
And turn to those which truer greatness make.

Grace Broad Carr.

RONDEAU

Tell me soon how much you love me.
I have waited, Oh so long.
Night has touched the sky above me.
Sleep has stilled the thrushes song.
Soon the clouds will softly cover
Even the radiance of the moon.
Open your heart, O silent lover,
Tell me soon.

R. E. Rashley.



MY LOVE

My love is a golden daffodil
On a pliant, slender stem;
A jonquil in the spring of Life,
A very prince of men!

His gaze is a gentle zephyr
Rippling the lake my soul;
The ripples splash—upon my heart,
The heart he long since stole.

Where shall I hide this face of mine
That, there, he may not see
My shameless jubilation
Whene'er he looks at me?

Anon.

NURSERY RHYME

Sing a song of sixpence,
For in the bye-and-bye
Babies will be big boys,
Nor ever, ever cry;
But sitting in a Rolls-Royce,
Or Ford or Chevy-six,
Look like a million dollars,
Their pockets lined . . . nix.

Sing a song of sixpence,
For in the bye-and-bye
Babies will be big girls,
With lovely rolling eye;
And sitting in a restaurant,
Pente Kai or luncheonette,
Discard their nursery bottles
And suck a . . . cigarette.

V. H. T.

NIGHT WIND IN THE TREES

Drowsily day droops to its rest
As the night sky spreads its calm;
To the fevered brow of the tired earth
The cool hand of night brings balm.

The only sound in the stillness
Is the music in the trees
When sleepy leaves stir softly
In the gentle evening breeze.

Would I could catch the message
The night winds pass along,
But they do not speak my language
And I cannot hear their song.


Do they whisper to each other
Of lovers who passed that way?
Or of happy children's laughter
As they lingered there in play?

To-night the leaves are singing
The age-old melody
They sang at eve in Eden
When God gave the song to the tree.
Clara E. Hill.

MUTABILITY

"Lo, Dawn.
Sweetening all the land!"
He would not look, but cried with aspect grim:
"Now must I labor; as for love, I will - anon."
Meanwhile the sun slipt downward to the rim,
Plunged into darkness, and
Was gone!

Percy H. Wright



FAIRY DAYS

I once believed in fairies,
That danced upon the breeze,
On roses and narcissus,
And on the hazel trees.
Across the velvet lawn,
With tinkling silver chains,
They sparkle through the fern,
And sing in light refrains.

I don't believe in fairies,
Or in the elf so small,
That stood upon a mushroom,
To make himself look tall,
For now I'm grown into a man,
And fairy days don't last;
The days like those of Peter Pan,
Are days of childhood past.

M. L. Kaye.

MOON WINKS

I saw the moon wink,
I really did,
One night as I came home from a party;
A great yellow lid
Came down and made him blink,
With a merry, drunken wink and a hearty.

Percy H. Wright.

BUT THEY DON'T REALIZE IT

I climbed a street-car, looked about,
And thought, "Here are fifty self-containing minds,
Fifty separated nuclei-of-worlds,
Who have never before been all together,
And never will be again.

Percy H. Wright

EDITORIAL NOTE

There is a time and place for pretty poems on daffodils and daisies, on sea-shores and sunsets, and no doubt the public will continue to pay for the pleasure of reading poems on these enduring things. But the editor of this, the sixth Broad-sheet of Student Verses put out under the auspices of the Writers Club of the University of Saskatchewan, wonders if he is ever to be able to include some poems which will express the reaction of youth to the widespread misery of our time. We pipe our pleasant tunes on the old themes, but the audience for whom we should be playing is likely to be as little moved by our blue-sky music as we apparently are by their deluded wretchedness. The challenge to youth is as clear in the world of poetry as it is in that of more mundane affairs.

J. M. L.





University of Saskatchewan



Student Verses
1934

Broadsheet Number Seven



Student Verses

I DO NOT GREATLY CARE

I do not greatly care
If I must suffer needless pain and die
A stinking corpse. I wonder why
I do not greatly care?

What matter if they tear
Beauty's body to pieces? The world is ruled by years;
On war's mutilation there are no genuine tears:
So I do not greatly care.

One time I dared
To laugh at life as a splendid lark;
Now I will stagger blindly in a ghastly dark
And many others will be there.

What matter if green gases
Bloat my flesh and raise foul rashes
And horror deafens with his shrieking blare?
I do not greatly care.

Fat men with protruding paunches,
Pig eyes that bulge with greed,
Can wallow, gluttons in their feed,
Squat blinking on their stupid haunches.

Hard eyed women with colored hair
Can grasp for the foul money, bred
To pay their sluttish bills. Beauty is dead:
And no one greatly cares.

—Anon.



REQUIEM

Dusk! And the myriad hues of evening's sombre shadow
Pass o'er the landscape with a sigh forlorn;
Silent and still the long, lone night awaiteth,
E'er steals the herald of awak'ning morn.

See yonder, in a cloud-flecked aureole of beauty,
The queen of night her gentle radiance sheds;
Pale stars spread o'er the vast, expansive heavens,
Fringing the snowy path she nightly treads.

The willows bend in graceful acquiescence,
As on the breeze is borne the vesper bell;
Faintly their whisp'ring leaves repeat the echo,
Falling, then rising, with majestic swell.

—*Cherchez la Femme.*

“TEARS FROM THE DEPTH OF SOME DIVINE DESPAIR”

(With apologies to the shade of William Wordsworth)

The net is too much with us; late or soon,
Getting and sending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see of tennis quite like ours;
We have given our serves away (a sordid tune*)
The lob that reaches upward to the moon:
The drives that have been going long for hours,
Or those that thundered down like sleeping flowers—
All these, all everything is out of tune.
It makes me hot!—Great God! I'd rather be
A golfer playing with a ball quite worn!
So might I, standing on some pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus driving from the tee,
Or hear old Triton blowing his own horn.

* Wife's comment.

—*CoN.*

MORNING IN SEPTEMBER

The North Star in his place is paling,
And all the East is gray;
And morning geese come sailing—sailing—
(Past the North Star ever paling)
With whistling wings, and sombre wailing,
From ice-lakes far away;
While the North Star above is paling,
And all the East turns gray.
—Percy H. Wright.

THOU ART GONE

Thou art gone
Leaving behind no fame,
No wide dominion,
No illustrious name.
But there is something left
Which does not come from these.
Something much greater,
Something more sure to please
The great God in Heaven.
Thy duty has been done;
And earth is now a better place,
Nearer to God,
More certain of His Grace,
Than ere you came;
Duty took precedence of wealth,
Honour of name.

—W.R.C.

MUNDANE MOODS

“Come, Life,” I said, “and fill my cup with wine,
Give Earth’s sinful joys to me;
The straight and narrow path can bide its time,—”
“Do you think I’m Santa Claus?” said she.
—E.W.



DEPRESSION COMPROMISE

“A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou . . .”

The wine . . .
Thank Bennett, Australian fits our purse.
Though not like Barsac that we knew of yore,
We might have been reduced to Concord—
What could be worse?

A loaf . . .
Alas, I can't make bread.
But if you say I must, I'll try.
And if at first it looks dejected,
Still it's more digestible than pie.

And thou . . .
You lack Gawain's straight nose, indeed,
And Carlo's gleaming Chrysler steed—
But then,
I love you.

—G.C.

DAFFODIL

How sad you are sweet daffodil,
Solitary on my window sill,
And pale! How faint your leaves and still!

In sunless room, no flower fair
Of yours has breathed a fragrance rare
And sweet into this gloomy air.

With shades of waning life, each day
Your grace and coolness pass away;
While in my heart I softly say,
“Farewell, sweet daffodil, farewell!”

—M. L. Kaye.

DEARTH

O that our life would open like a flower,
And not, as now, its heart of beauty hide,
And not lie folded closely leaf on leaf,
Like cankered bud—no power to open wide.
And are my hands so weak they cannot tear
This maze of winding web that wraps me round?
And are my feet so tied they cannot stir
To break the chain by which my ways are bound?
The cup of life stands brimming as of old,
Life's music still is ringing on the air
And hope is beckoning, yet my footsteps fail,
For I am numb, drugged by a deep despair.
But O that life again would sing to me
The joyful songs I heard but yesteryear,
That dreams again would be my daily bread,
My path of days undimmed, my vision clear.

—Clara E. Hill.

FAREWELL

Here the leaves fall softly,
One by one;
Red and brown and golden
In the Sun;
Sigh of pine boughs, dance of willows:
Why must Winter come?
Last lone leaves of Autumn
Too soon gone;
Pausing for one moment,
Dancing on;
Call of songbird, glint of water:
Summer days are done.

—Clara E. Hill.



OCTOBER

A gypsy is October,
With hair nut-brown,
And eyes of golden mystery,
She wears a gorgeous gown

Of tawny gold and crimson,
Gold sandals on her feet;
Her cloak is of the sunset—
And O, her smile is sweet.

If you should meet her early
In Autumn's leafy lanes
You'll find her smile is veiled
In blue mist of the plains.

But if you turn when Sunset's
Banners are unfurled,
You'll follow her light footsteps
Over the edge of the world.

—Clara E. Hill.

PORTRAIT

Her hands were faintly green with coral tips;
Her face a white tea rose,
Rare ivory carved, those pallid lips,
That slender haughty nose.

An artist saw that tall and lovely form,
Those coolly slanting eyes,
Those eyes that hid despairing storm—
A storm that never dies.

He painted her—and there she stands.
At least, so I suppose.
Those lines of jade present her hands,
That circle is her nose.

—E. W.

GOLDEN DAYS

Now for a while old Time seems to stand still,
And Earth is pausing in this golden reign,
Before the Winter comes with iron will
To bind us in his prison once again.
Let us rejoice that Autumn's gift is ours,
And sing no longer sad songs of the fall
Of leaf; but let us walk, and watch for hours
The trees all golden, flame, and rust, for all
Such days were made for roaming. Why repine
When gleaming sunlight gilds all Autumn's gold
And lends a lustre to the glowing vine,
And tells slow stories of the summer old?
Too soon will vanish Autumn's alchemy,
And golden days of sweet serenity.

—Clara E. Hill.

IS THERE NO ANSWER TO MAN'S GRIEF?

Is there no answer to man's grief,
Can time heal all his sorrow?
Or must he live this long life out,
Live each new day in greater doubt,
And learn to dread the morrow?

Is sadness all that he may have,
Is death the one release?
Cannot he find some solace here,
A voice which soothes his inmost fear,
And to his heart brings peace?

He does not know what dawn will bring,
Nor can he tell the way;
Yet through the mist he vaguely peers,
Strains his poor sight to pierce the years,
And glimpses the bright day.

—W.R.C.



BUTTERFLY

How joyous were you, butterfly,
That summer's day!
Gracefully on the wind's faint sigh
You moved to clustered leaves, near by
To where I lay.

Perhaps some cry of pain too low
For me to hear
Escaped your breast; when 'neath my blow
You fell, and shed, because I hurt you so,
A gentle tear.

—*M. L. Kaye.*

TO MY MOTHER

I who was so scornful, proud,
I who walked in Paradise,
Lone, with haughty head unbowed,
Laughed at gods with bold young eyes:

I who played with Heaven and Hell,
Crying there was nothing new—
I, the taunting infidel,
Gaze with wonderment at you.

—*E.W.*

TO MY FATHER

The room is sweet with rose and musk,
The table's set for two;
The candles flicker in the dusk—
Your pipe is calling you.

You come—and this is what you say:
“The damn stock market dropped today.”
—*E.W.*

CONVENTION

Convention is a mist around me,
Fragile,
Yet so elusive.
It cannot be dispelled.
I rebel against it
For it damps my spirit—
But again I am thankful,
For it keeps me
From seeing clearly,
And protects me from beauty.

—E.W.

MUTABILITY

Never a world so golden as to-day,
Never again such glory may be spread
Before our eyes, a feast of colors gay;
It may not come again till we are dead.
O evanescent beauty, why so fleet?
Life would be rich if you would only stay
To bless us day by day; but moments sweet
Bear each their glamorous, golden dream away.

—Clara E. Hill.

CHEERY JOHN

I hear a whistling in the rain,
Beyond the maples red and yellow;
I prick my ears, and there, again,
I hear the whistling in the rain.
'Tis cheery John strolls down the lane,—
Our cheery John, warm-hearted fellow,
Who whistles e'en in autumn rain,
Amid the maples red and yellow.

—Percy H. Wright.



RONDEAU SEQUENCE

The love I gave you yesternight
Was no new love. In Babylon
With these same words, and eyes as bright,
Young lovers made their vows and won
Their sweetest kisses. Who can say
How many times these same words have
Been whispered low, to give away
The love I gave?

The same old song that poets made
In other years, has still, in this,
The same old power to persuade
A warmer embrace; that which is
Has been before, and still will be
When you and I have passed along,—
The same old lilting melody,
The same old song.

How sweet it is to think that we
Are two of many who have gone
Down hidden paths and happily
Have kissed, embraced, and wandered on.
The love we promise seems to grow
More sacred when we think of this.
And yet so many never know
How sweet it is.

—*R. E. Rashley.*

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

If this bright world were granted mine,
I would not change its main design;
I'd merely make more frequent far
Souls as happy as you are.

—*Percy H. Wright.*

WHEN BIRDS ARE WET

The night is black with fog and rain,
For Wind with Wind is met;
All sodden is the rutted plain,
And roads are shiny in the rain,
And beaten down the green tall grain,
And the small birds are wet;
The night is black with fog and rain,
For Wind with Wind is met!

—Percy H. Wright.

PRAYER OF THE PRAIRIES

O God of man, in Heaven high,
Send us rain—
That we may live
From the products of the plain.

Send us rain—
For the thirsty, waiting grain,
For the dusty, wind-swept field,
That it may a harvest yield.

O God of Mercy, renew our faith,
Grant us courage—
That we may face
The problems of a tilling race.

—Paula R. Reber.

BRIDGE

Three players in one "Great Republic" born
The game of bridge most honorably adorn.
The first is Culbertson, the unsurpass'd;
The next is Mr. Lenz; and Work the last.
The force of nature could no better do:
To make a fourth man formed the dummy too.

—CoN.



I SHALL BE SELF-SUFFICIENT

I shall be self-sufficient, never caring,
If love or hate shall wish to stay;
On the rim of infinity I'll be staring—
But, darling, kiss me anyway.

—E.W.

HAVEN

As I dwell in the thriving city,
Where religion is man-made,
Where desires are mean and petty
In pursuit of the god of trade;
The fragrant pines of the northern hills,
Are mem'ries that cannot fade.

O the rolling hills and the ridges
With their lakes strewn in between,
And the swamps and the purple sedges
With a background of gloomy green:
Awed silence reigns in the northern hills,
Over hill-slope and ravine.

When the sweet, chill breath of the night-time
Spreads a mist o'er the swamps around,
And the naked, brilliant moonlight
Throws her fancies on the ground;
Oppressed is the hush in the northern hills
Where the live young trees abound.

Silence, save for the scamp'ring
Of a bright-eyed squirrel's feet,
As along crisp bark he races,
To watch from a safe retreat.
The holy calm of the northern hills
Is religion; full, complete.

—S.G.W.

EDITORIAL NOTE
On the Value of this Volume.

What for a dime? Just *two* of Barney's bars—
Fat Emmas, say, or th' egregious Chicken Dinners;
Just *one* of those repentance-quick cigars;
Ten Camels—which can turn Presbucks to sinners;
Two phone calls—just to make a costly date;
Three stamps to send three compromising letters;
In ways like these a *dime* may seal your fate,
Make wax or wane your girth, tie you in fetters.
'Tis a queer world! One way to make it worse is
Not to put *ten cents* into "Student Verses."

—J.M.L.





STUDENT VERSES 1935

University of Saskatchewan



Broadsheet Number Eight

EDITORIAL NOTE

A Sweet Persuasive to Buy This Broadsheet

Last year* I sang of doughnuts,
Of chocolate bars and stamps,
Of amorous epistles and
Of elephoning vamps,
That youth these sirens might refuse
And spend its nickels on the Muse.

This year I sing of bowling,
The latest sport of pros.,
Where with his learned coat and vest
His dignity he doffs,
Lays by his academic cares
And prays for endless 'strikes' and 'spares'.

Then spare, ye learned, but one dime
And thereto add a nickle;
And spare, ye learners, but one time
To woo the alley fickle:
Spare fifteen cents—for love of Mike—
And help our Muses to—a strike!

—J. M. L.

*See Editorial Note, Student Verses, 1934.

STUDENT VERSES

HERITAGE

The Earth is our mother,
The Sun our sire,
We are wrought of their passion
And born of desire.

The wind is our brother,
Our sister the sky,
The stars are our comrades
Until we die.

We are woven of magic
Of the ancient Earth;
Its love and its longing
Gave us our birth.

—*Clara E. Hill*

TELL ME

Tell me, dear Robin neighbor,
Why your eye
Shines with such gladness?
Does the blue of sky
Enchant your heart?
Lift it and make it sing?
O tell me, how can I feel the same joy,
The lift of a bird's wing?

—*V. Lenhard*



YOU — I

Early one summer morning of violets and dew,
Robins in the poplars, sky-hawks in the blue,
Hazy in the East where the Sun God flew,
I thought of you.

Ripple in the water where the lake smiled clear;
Shimmer in the water of shimmering deer,
Aware of the morning, unaware of fear,
You stood near.

See you in the garden when poppies nod;
See you in the marvel of the living sod;
See you, in the pansy clinging to the clod;
See you! See God!

Hear you in the murmur of the honey bee;
Hear you in the song of the sky-lark free;
In the heart of Nature, in the heart of me,
'Tis you I see.

Early one summer morning of beauty rare,
Robins in the poplars, sky-hawks in the air;
I walked alone through the meadows fair,
And you were there!

—J. E. A.

THE LOVERS

(From Catullus)

We live, we live to love, we young;
Yet old men say to love is wrong.
Forget their words—when day is done
Life goes with the setting sun.
Our sun, retreating, takes our light
And leaves us to perpetual night.

—Minnie Milne

WIND SONG

I am
The breeze.
I shake
The trees
On summer day.

I gloom,
I glance,
I rove,
I prance
The hours away.

I run,
I race,
Rush on
Apace
The grass to sway.

Stir the flowers—
Fairy bowers
For the bees;
Through the trees
Rushing on;
Then I'm gone
Over the hills away.

I
Am
Never
Calm.
I am the wind at play.
—*Marguerite Buck*



WISHES

I wish I were beneath yon tree
A-sitting in the shade;
With all the bills I've got to pay—
Paid!

I wish I were on yonder hill
A-basking in the sun;
With all the tasks I've got to do—
Done!

I wish I were on yonder sea
A-sailing on the boat;
With all the things I've got to write—
Wrote!

I wish I were up in yon plane
A-circling in the blue;
With all the dreams that I have dreamt—
Come true!

—B. E. K.

SPRING

When winter softly melts to welcome spring,
For poets little birds begin to sing.
Each blade of grass, each leaf, each budding tree,
Is greeted with the utmost ecstasy.

When winter softly melts to welcome spring,
For scientists it's quite another thing.
Just listen to their very learn-ed talks
About the sun in vernal equinox.

—Marguerite Buck

LIFE COMES TO THIS

Life comes to this:
All bliss,
All bravery, all truth,
All loneliness must end.
Why should we strive
And waste our powers?
The dusk must soon descend.

Golden or drab the days,
Darts of keen pain;
Sweet hours—the gain
In life, a little space
Of grace.

What then the worth of joy?
Slight as a breeze
That shivers in the leaves;
Worship or scorn,
Curse or prayer—
All these shall cease.

Now in the burden of the dying year,
When fall the leaves sere,
The call is clear.
We, too, must go as they,
Like withered grass,
The long dark way the shadows pass.

Calm then and still,
Serene our days
When this we know.
As dies the ember's glow
Life, too, a dying flame, shall go.

—Clara E. Hill



ADVENTUROUS BLOOD

Adventurous blood diluted runs
In veins of pirates' great-grandsons;
The pioneers' child contented stands
In a Zoo imagining foreign strands.

The smell of rain on the grassy plains
Is not for me; the plash of cranes
Through the bending reeds on the river's brink
Is heard in the drip of a kitchen sink.

The snoring breeze and the tingling foam,
The sun's soft touch on new-turned loam,
The chatter of furry things on high
Are only dreams for such as I.

So here I sit, while I know that far
In the depths of the forest the wild things are,
Happily living as I would do
If I had the courage to go there too.

—V. Lenhard

JUNE MAGIC

Long pathways of a vagrant summer moon,
On dappled waters, full of drowning stars,
The heady sweetness of the nicotines
Nodding their fluted heads through trellis bars.

And on the hillside moving shadows dance,
While wanton breezes pipe a minor tune,
And ghostly birches, thin-veiled arms outstretched,
Yield to the magic of a night in June.

—Anonymous

WANDERER

Turbulent breast of the prairie that bore me
Torn by the restless winds, cold and austere,
Brooding gray skies, with low clouds hanging o'er me—
What is the charm that is binding me here?

Charm of the snow-covered hills in the moonlight;
Charm of still stars in a canopied sky;
Charm of a bird singing low on a June night,
Prairie winds dancing and fluttering by.

Restless the spirit your winds fostered in me!
Half round the world I have wandered in vain,
Seeking a spot that could woo me and win me,
But back to your breast you have called me again.

For who could be still in the green lanes of England,
Where the red earth of Devon goes down to the sea?
What charm have the heather-clad banks of Loch Lomond,
When the prairie land voices are calling to me?

—*Alice L. Woodhrai*

TIME CANNOT TAKE

Time cannot take the beauty from your heart
Though he may steal the glory from your face.
Dark hair may yield to grey; Youth may depart,
And leave the quick feet in a humbler pace.
But we who knew your love have memories
Of patient hands and loving deeds that make
You beautiful. The years may pass, but these
Time cannot take.

—*R. E. Rashley*



SONNET

Dear Heart, the fields lay smilingly at ease
 Under the golden sun. The trees are still,
 Heavy with noon-day heat, and even the bees
 Are drowsy with their humming. From the hill
 A bird calls out at intervals long-spaced
 And finds no answer. Hours ago, it seems,
 A hawk sailed grandly overhead and traced
 Its shadow on the grass and with its screams
 Silenced the singing bird. And here have I
 Been dreaming out the honey-laden day
 Soaked with the sunlight, gazing at a sky
 Of purest blue until my mind has lost
 All count of distance, and the pain that crossed
 My heart some hours ago seems aeons away.

—*R. E. Rashley*

FACES

Ovals with eyes and mouths and noses
 The color of old cheese, or milk and roses—
 Eyes like rocks, or garden posies,
 Lips that curve in Cupid's bows—
 Noses gently sloping south,
 Or turned up, snubbing, laughing mouth.
 The combination of our features
 Makes us all quite different creatures.

The pattern of your face entrances me,
 Its fascination holds me willingly.
 What if your nose is just a bit askew?
 Your eyes hold such forget-me-notish blue.
 That grin—for beauty just a trifle wide—
 Why Puck could not look more impish if he tried!

—*V. Lenhard*

NORTHERN LIGHTS

(Thoughts of a Saskatchewan farmer)

All day I stare dull-eyed on poverty
And scabble in the niggard earth for bread
With black, coarse fingers. Grey reality
Crushes my spirit till all joy is dead.
Then night comes. Straight from death I wake to life.
Gigantic terrors chase my little fears.
The whirling stars are shaken with the strife
Of cosmic forces. Ghostly dim appears
Through bush-fire smoke the gleam of Northern Lights,
Like pallid fingers fumbling at the veil
About earth's clouded soul. The glory smites
And cleaves apart those tenuous curtains frail;
Through starlit darkness, flowering into flame,
I pass to realms of wonder without name.

A thousand years before our race was known
The gods immortal dreamed their burning dreams.
Undimmed, when yet a thousand years have flown,
Across night skies their shining wisdom streams.
Far overhead pulsates their shining thought,
While men within doors hoard their baser gold.
They, purblind, heedless of the wonder wrought
Count up their musty piles with hearts grown old.
Baffled, the high gods of eternal youth
Pour out the glory of their souls in vain;
Night heavens blaze and tremble with the Truth
That in the souls of men should flame again.
Still o'er the skies they write, nor stay their hands
Until a race is born that understands.

—Isa McArthur.



THE ANSWERER

What is Man, that one should be mindful of him?

The Answerer: A waterdrop in the wilderness,
A sigh in utter silence,
A spark one moment alive in the darkness.

When the raindrop is lost in the desert,
When the breathing in the silence is no more,
When a hood of darkness comes down over the small spark,
What, then, is Man?

The Answerer: Then "man" to man
Is but a memory.

But what means Man to the great green world,
To the hollows of stars, the places of birth—
Where God hears the first stirrings of things?
What means,—Man to the quiet that comes after,
Water to drouth,
Sound to silence,
Dawn to darkness?

The Answerer: Out of the desert came the dew;
In silence sound was born;
In the midst of shadow it was said: Let there
be light.
All these are not, are, and are not;
One sleep, one waking, one sleep.

What then? Can nought become ought,
And ought nought?

The Answerer: Light is a mode of darkness, darkness of light;
Sea is brother to soil, and soil to sea;
Peace is akin to music; and music to peace;
Sleep is another waking, and waking another
sleep.

There is no nought, nor any No;
Sayest thou that what is cannot be?
Should Earth be barren,
Time infertile,
Mother and Father of all that have been?
The Ancient of Days sits yet upon his throne;
His hand is not shortened;
Be not troubled:
I AM THE ANSWERER.

—P. H. Wright

A FLY SAT ON MY TYPEWRITER

A fly sat on my typewriter
At ten o'clock today,
(The rhyme for that is 'spray',)
While I lit my cigar-lighter
He sat upon my typewriter
At ten o'clock today.

Who hit the keys of typewriter
While he did sojourn there,
Combing his yellow hair?
He thinks it was a prize-fighter
Who hit the keys of typewriter
While he did sojourn there.

When he flew off my typewriter
With 'T.H.' on his back
All done in red and black,
His radiance then was quite brighter
When he flew off my typewriter
With 'T.H.' on his back.

—Thomas Hardly—CoN.



BEQUEST

When I am laid to rest in that eternal cell
Where weary hearts forever sleep,
Come not to mourn over my cold grave,
Nor yet to weep.
For I have felt Life's bitter frost,
Its cruel dent;
Disturb not then my resting place:
I am content.
But still while I am living
Ease the strife;
Brighten aching moments
Of darkening Life.
Bring not bouquets to my sad grave
Through sun or showers;
But give me while I yet live
Your love and flowers.

—C. H. W.

APRIL DAWN

Triolet

A robin's chanting to the dawn
His full-toned hymn of ecstasy;
Sweet April smiles this magic morn,
A robin's chanting to the dawn.
Never a heart can feel forlorn,
While waking buds deck every tree;
A robin's chanting to the dawn
His full-toned hymn of ecstasy.

—Clara E. Hill

THOUGHTS OF A GRADUATE

(Dedicated to the Alma Mater)

He learns to read and spell
And knows one word from another;
He writes essays, and gathers books,
And forms some style or other;
He writes a little verse, poor devil,
And thinks the poet his brother.

He learns to skate and dance,
And drinks a bit, within measure;
He talks to others about art,
Or copies "gems" to treasure;
He talks of culture, too, poor devil,
And thinks he knows true pleasure.

He goes to shows and meets
The girl who is the fashion,
A flashy hat, a clever curl,
A piquant slang expression.
He talks of movie love, poor devil,
And thinks that this is passion.

Some day a hand draws back
The veils of convention that cover
The emptiness of his verse
And the shallowness of his lover.
He sees his life as it is, poor devil,
And thinks he can make it over.
With the canker eating at his heart,
He thinks he can still make it over.

—Anon.





University of Saskatchewan.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Eighth chapbook of Student Verses of the University of Saskatchewan appeared in 1935. For this, the Ninth volume of the series, the Editor asks the support of those who helped to make the previous issues a success. He is not sure whether the present volume marks a re-birth or merely a re-awakening. But of one thing he is sure - that poetry is, both in cultivation and creation, a strictly personal thing, and that in these days of mass regimentation of the mobs towards political paradises of dubious authenticity, every encouragement should be given to whatever conduces to free individual self-culture.

The Editor would like to thank all those who have contributed verses to this volume, and to express the hope that they will in due course attempt the wider publicity of such publications as the Saskatchewan Year-Book of Poetry and the Canadian Poetry Magazine.

—J. M. L.

STUDENT VERSES

LOVE

Love hath such a lovely way:
Tall as golden lilies, slender,
Sweet as twilight when the day
Gentle grows and tender:
Like a lovely melody
Lingering thro' eternity.

Love hath such a dancing way:
Tilt of head and lilt of laughter;
She hath sparkles that will stay
Hearts to follow after,
Tripping on her small bright feet
Over heart-strings sudden, fleet.

Love hath songs like one clear star
Ringing thro' the quite even,
Pure as crystal rivers are
Dropping down from heaven.
Hearken while her lyre is strong:
Love-songs never linger long.

—K. D.



HOAR FROST

Last night the snow lay deep, the wind did freeze,
While all was bathed in moonlight bright as day;
And now I wake, to hear the sunbeams say,
"Oh! see the moonshine frozen to the trees!"

—J. M. M.



YOUNG HEARTS

We are the young in heart
Who cherish the myriad stars,
And all the whirling loveliness
Of space.

We are the free.

We are the children of desire,
With white flame hearts
And clearness in our eyes.

We are the young in heart,
And we are free to dream,
To lie upon the milk white clouds
Of our own fancy.
We are the free.

The day is ours, and only
With approaching night
When silvered shadows creep behind,
And run and jump
And tangle with our thoughts
Does a fear clutch us.
For then we look ahead, and cannot see.
We are the young in heart;
We soon forget.

—J. L.



MAD GULLS

We are the mad gulls.
We are the seven
Who wheel and veer
Over the scraps of life.
We are seven
Mad gulls.

—J. L.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Down by the grinding mill
With the noon whistles;
And deep beneath
The boot soles
Pounding,
Reverberating.
On a street corner,
Or in an alley,
Meeting,
"Have you met a love, lately?"

It's the only question
Worth answering,
Or asking.
"Have you met a love, lately?"
On the boardwalk
Or pavement,
On the corner or the gutter,
Meeting, asking.
Demanding.
"Have you met a love, lately?"

All life goes round,
The circle in the air.
All thought is fleeting
And all consciousness,
Only the eternal asking,
Only the question.

Down by the grinding mill
And the noon line,
Swarming away.
Always the question.
"Have you met a love lately?"
Down by the grinding mill,
Down by the noon engines,
With the whistles
And shouting,
"Have you met a love lately?"

—J. L.



STUDENT VERSES

ACROSS THE RIVER

Mist across the river on a rainy autumn day.
Bronze and yellow shadowed with a gossamer
of grey,
Gaunt stone buildings leaning on an emptiness
of sky.
With nothing left to hold then if the scudding
clouds go by.
Deep green waves with whitecaps rolling up
along the shore.
The whipping wind to drive them and the rain
to make them more.
There's a poetry of color and of motion
comes to play
In mist across the river on a rainy autumn day.

—Freda



AUTUMN SUNSET

The slow sun sinks
To touch the dim horizon
Of dreamful Autumn, half asleep
With weariness of waiting.
An earthy smell of rotting leaves,
A smoke-sharp smell of burning leaves;
A strange sad stillness.
Brooding, brooding, brooding
The sun strikes:
The west flares up in glorious light,
With rose-tinged clouds above
And purest gold below.
Gold, molten gold;
The cauldron of Eternity!
Gold, flowing, glowing, molten gold
That flings out spears of dancing fire
And flushes all the raptured sky
For one wild moment,
Swiftly sinking into
Infinite oblivion
Oblivion, and dusk, and memory

—J. M. M.

STUDENT VERSES

THE WIND IS MY VOICE

I crave the wild wind's sweep across the plains,
And the mad wind's cries.
I hold my head a little, waiting,
For the bugle note.

There is no warmth but
Hugging your body tight
Against the blast.
There is no calm but that
Suddenly caught in a silent rock.

The wild wind is the only voice I know.
The mad sweep of the long plains
And the last mournful note
Tugged from the branch of a pine.

—J. L.



THE MOON THAT FORGOT TO GO DOWN

Over the sleeping city,
Over the darkened mill,
There hung like a Jack-o-Lantern
Early one winter's morn—
The moon that forgot to go down!

Bright as the airport searchlight,
Round as a silver dollar,
Painting the snowy rooftops,
(So ghostly that winter's morn)
The moon that forgot to down!

Slowly immersed in morning—
Hung in that greying sky—
She drowned in the tide of daylight,
She went from that winter's morn—
The moon that forgot to down!

—J. M. M.

REVERIE

Written at the corner of College Building,

October 27th, 1938

Along this walk the poplar trees stand tall
With far-flung arms etched gold against the sky.
As if—to mock this order trimmed and trained—
Sly nature changed its plan in passing by.
Here in the Autumn sun I loitering stand
And hear the passing beat of eager feet,
See faces, young and shining and intent,
And sense the ringing joy when comrades meet.
Perhaps sometime, a long decade from now,
Another one, as young and glad as I,
Will stand beneath this very bough and hear
The sound of other feet go passing by:
See one who gravely ponders, head down bent—
He has the mighty voice of Science heard;
Another with upraised and seeking eyes—
He walks with gods and hears their
whispered word.

And I, unseen, will stand beside this one —
Perhaps beneath this same gold-laden tree --
And watch the thoughts like shadows on his face
And smile when I behold his reverie.
And he will feel fresh joy well in his heart
And love for alma mater stir anew,
Nor know its cause -- that one stands near
whose soul

Is linked to his — because I loved it too.

--Kit.

RENAISSANCE

Oh! every day that dawns is a new one
to the world.
And what may hap to-day there is no
one now can tell;
At nightfall I will know and recall what
things befell:
But now lies day before me. the dawn
clouds—see—unrurled!

—J. M. M.



THIS IS ENOUGH

This is enough. this stillness where all pain
Is caught together, centred in this spot
Of time that even Time itself forgot
To whirl away to nothingness again
Beyond our calling back. There is no night
Except this blackness pain has caused. nor
day,
Although the sun is shining still, a way
Of brittle amber, sparkling, cold and bright,
Across this place. And, standing bleak
and old,
Its ancient calm unstirred, grown taller than
It seemed a moment past, the silent hill
Looks down, condemning wordlessly with
cold,
Unfriendly stare our strength of heart
that ran
To meet this hour, that faltered, and
grew still

—Julian



STUDENT VERSES

SONNET

This night should never end, and yet the stars
Go slipping down, relentless, and slow
As minutes pass, as waters ebb and flow
Beneath the moon, slim ships with silver spars
Upon them, drifting gently out of view.
Thus Beauty passes: thus this sacred night
Must pass away, so quickly e'en the slight
Remembrance that is left is sinking too
Into forgottenness. Nothing here will stay
To tell that you loved me in this hour,
Or that this thing we feel is aught but our
Imagining. The stars will fall as they
Are falling now, until the world is done,
And nights still pass, too sweet to have begun.

— Julian



OCTOBER

I saw October when the morn was gay
With a red leaf, a yellow leaf, a brown leaf
and a grey,
Upon her sunny forehead and her long,
bronze hair.
The wind slips over and parts the leaves,
and lo!
There's a bright sheen of copper
blowing to and fro.
And then she lifts her sweet head and oh! her
fresh face,
With her warm brown skin and her
wind-blown grace.
Her lips were redder than a crimson leaf,
And her bronze hair brighter than a tall
gold sheaf,
But oh! I saw in her slanting, amber eyes
A gold moon swinging and a green star rise!

—K. D.

STUDENT VERSES

SO STILL THIS NIGHT

So still the trees, if winds came by,
The leaves would whisper, sob, and sigh:
So still the birds I think that they,
Because I came, have flown away;
So still the lake that it might be
Some midnight dreaming's phantasy.
So still the stars that e'en the moon
In its slow flight seems passing soon:
So still this night that, if I take
A single step, the dark will break
And fall upon this sacred spot
That none could doubt a great God
wrought.

-Julian



WITCH NIGHT

White, white is the moon,
And the stars are white:
And the low clouds are silver ships
Riding the night.

Dark dark are the trees.
And the paths are dark:
And a hare is a phantom thing
Haunting the park.

-Julian



DISAPPOINTMENT

Rose of June held soft a-bloom
O'er thorns of keenest fettle;
Scent so sweet, I pluck'd to taste
A soft, pink, dainty petal.
Woe to me! I suck'd in vain,
For tasteless was the petal;
Pulp upon my lips: alike
The fabled goose's metal.

—W. J. Parkhill



EVENING RIDE

The old woman
Sat in the corner of the car.
She wore
Heavy spectacles
Over which she peered.
She wore a red hat
And a scraggle of hair,
Thinned about the edge.
Her glasses shone
With the frost
That was almost gone.
And her hands
Clutched a bag.
She looked over her glasses
And peered about.
Mostly at the floor.
Once she looked up at me.
I had been staring.
She looked at me
With a clear eye, all at once
Gone dim.
She stumbled as she got off,
And a cloud of snow
Carried her down the street.

---J. L.



LOVER

Out of the prosaic comfort of the warm shawl,
flung away.
My naked neck and face and hair receive
The cool caresses of the night.
I lift my bare face seeking,
My lips receive your kisses.
Your coolness and sweetness are, for a
blessed moment,
The love I seek.

---Carol

STUDENT VERSES

LAMPS

O I am all for little lamps
When the shadows fall.
Red and blue and yellow lamps.
Squatty, plump. or tall.

Curving, crystal chimneys
With bumpy, crocheted brims.
Or a thin thread of fine glass
That rounds and curves and slims.

O I am all for little lamps
When the shadows loom.
Little dusty golden lamps
Shining through the gloom.

Swinging crimson lanterns
When my heart would roam,
And bending finger-tips of flame
Beckoning me home.

And for windy, wild nights
Street-lamps shadow-rimmed,
And little rosy, cozy lamps.
By couches deep and dimmed.

And oh, I love a white lamp
When the cloth is spread.
Shining on the yellow cream
And the snowy bread.

And tiny sparks of silver
Twinkling in the night.
And little, tender, dim lamps
That kiss old eyes with light.

O I have need of cottage lamps
To make the shadows roll,
With the little lamp of heaven
To guide my stumbling soul.

—K. D.



APRIL NIGHT

My window is a square of light
And shining there between the panes
In all the blackness of my room.
A star hangs in a crescent moon.
And that is all that I can see,
But I know how the aspen trees,
Jet-black against the silver lawn,
Are shaken in the April breeze;
And in the corner by the fence,
The apple tree is white as snow.
Its waxen blossoms filled with dew,
Its creamy petals spread below.
Growing louder, then receding,
I hear a night bird's haunting cry:
I see it not, yet know it swoops
And swings, black-winged, across the sky.
I hear the frog-song, throaty, sweet:
The green-backed choir sits, I know,
On mossy logs in the shadowy pool
Down where the brown bulrushes grow.
I know where over-hanging trees
Have made a tunnel, darkly cool,
Where willows bend their lovely heads,
And trail their fingers in the pool.
Here from my bed I only see
The crescent moon, the star's blue light,
And hear the frog song, and yet my heart
Aches at the beauty of the night.

—Kit

